The Change

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by toggledog

Summary

Post 'the fall', Hannibal and Will have settled in London, with Will working part time as a professor at a local university, and Hannibal a part-time art curator, when both aren't stalking and researching new victims. Will, who continues to work through his own complicated feelings of being in love with a psychopath, starts to be sexually harassed by the new lecturer at work. He has dealt with all manner of predators, certainly, but is bewildered as to why this man is focusing his attentions on him in such a creepy manner. Furthermore, he refuses to tell Hannibal, convincing himself that the occasional stray comment or lingering touch isn't that much of a big deal, compared to the types of predators they normally deal with.
Emboldened, the professor keeps pushing his attentions further.

Notes

So this can be seen as a sequel to 'Beyond the Fall' or can be seen as a stand alone fic.
Though this is marked as 'non con' it won't progress to full rape. I just couldn't do that to Will.
First chapter is from Hannibal's pov then will switch to Will's ie alternating povs per chapter.

Chapter 1

Will's chest heaved up and down in a frantic motion in time with his increased moans, his head flung back, powerful thighs thrusting his weight up and down, up and down, causing combined fire and ice to pulsate around Hannibal's cock. Though the lovely face was hidden from him, Hannibal was aware he would have his eyelids closed, giving in to the tactile and aural rapture of their lovemaking. Hannibal never closed his eyes when making love to Will, releasing himself fully to the powerful aesthetics of the experience.

"Yes my love," Hannibal allowed the intensity of his partner's velvet interior to increase his bliss impossibly further. Will's moans and the slap of their bodies together were a symphony to his ears, the smell of astringent sweat and Will's cheap cologne, and the taste of metallic blood from deep bites to his own flesh working in conjunction to bring him closer to the ultimate of gratification. Will was the first to cry out, his entire being shuddering, spasming around Hannibal's cock. Hannibal reached his peak and tumbled right over, extending his head forward to feast on Will's left shoulder, incisors digging into the flesh as he groaned his orgasm.

"Mm… that was nice," Hannibal lowered his head back to the pillow, as he came down from the high.

Will tilted his neck forward to stare down at Hannibal, body still trembling. Sight was, in Hannibal's opinion, overvalued in terms of the five senses. In regards to Will Graham, however, he did not disappoint. From the moment he first noticed him, in Jack's office, he was taken by his striking masculine beauty. Now, the delicate features, framed by dark curls, were suffused with opaque emotion. Will's physical beauty- while a definite bonus- was not the reason why Hannibal was compelled to be with him. His brilliant mind, so complicated, such virulent colours and patterns, startling in its difference from anyone Hannibal had ever met. Even the most seeming complicated of people- Alana Bloom- were bland and boring to Hannibal's sensibilities. But Will…Hannibal would never be able to break through the density of the kilograms of white and grey matter, even with his one attempt to literally consume his brain.

"I'm taking a shower," as always, Hannibal felt the loss, as his now flaccid member slipped out of Will's body. His semen slid down Will's inner thigh. Hannibal longed to sit up, to lick him dry. However, he was encumbered.

"You don't plan to uncuff me?" Hannibal jiggled the cuffs looped around the bed head.

"After," Will said, clambering off the bed, before moving with his usual lithe grace into the bathroom, his vast brain clearly burdened; by what, Hannibal was hoping he would be later informed.

The noise of the shower running seeped under the closed door. Hannibal was content to wait, to ponder on the past hour. Will had been frantic and passionate in their lovemaking, which was, in itself, not unusual. However, it was in the minutiae in Will's post coital expression, as

was common with his life partner, that Hannibal caught a glimpse of the depth of his partner's troubles.

The door opened and Will, with a towel now wrapped around his waist, stepped out of the room and to the bedside table, picking up the key and undoing the cuffs.

"I'm going for a walk with the dogs," Will said, picking up his clothes from where they'd dropped them on the floor and returning to the bathroom.

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There would be no meat at dinner that night. Hannibal had finished consuming their latest victim three nights before. They were now in the hunting phase, as delicious as the final meal, which could last weeks, if not months. Hannibal whisked three eggs as dogs barking, followed by the noise of scuttling feet and the back door opening, signaled Will's return.

"Yes, yes, alright settle down settle down," humour and fondness sounded in Will's voice.

Footsteps thudded to the dining room adjourning the kitchen. Will walked in and stood by the open window, staring out to their backyard, to the river in which he daily cast a line. The light streaming in highlighted his rich curls, the scar from Dolarhyde's stab now a contrast to the rest of his angelic countenance. Hannibal had taken pains to be diligent in his treatment of the wound, to heal cleanly, cause minimal scarring and preserve Will's loveliness. However, the thin pink line across his cheek was still visible, in times as this, as well as the scar on his upper forehead from when Hannibal had attempted to cut his skull open, to feast on his brain.

"Lunch will consist of courgette tortilla wedges with pesto and rocket."

"When we are intimate, you like it rough," Will didn't turn from the window.

Hannibal let go of the whisk, forgoing the cooking for a moment to attend to his lover. "Because you enjoy our rough encounters."

"Have you ever…wanted to take it further?" The blue eyes now faced him directly. "Maybe I *want* you to take it further. I told you when we first got together, I would have… rape fantasies about you. Taking me…"

"A rape fantasy is merely that, a fantasy, a giving up of control-" Hannibal wiped his hands on a nearby tea towel.

"When you were manipulating me, was that ever a consideration?"

Will had the tendency to surprise Hannibal at times, which was, in Hannibal's opinion, an incredible fete. But then, that was part of the reason he had captured him; mind body and soul. Though they had covered this before, Hannibal was amiss as to why Will was bringing it up now.

What is going on in that magnificent brain of yours, Will?

Will now stalked towards him. “Did you ever fantasize about forcing yourself on top of me, tearing off my clothes, ignoring my screams as you forced yourself into me?”

“No,” Hannibal said. “My masturbatory fantasies of you were, if anything, the opposite. You coming to me of your own free will, as you have now done, willingly giving your body, as well as your mind.”

An abrupt giggle issued from the full lips, though his pale irises lacked humour. “You forced an ear down my throat! Raped my mind! Manipulated me.”

Hannibal inwardly deflated. So, they were back to this again. Though it had been at least six months since the last time, they were in a constant cycle of Will blaming him for his former villainy, forgiving him, moving on and then starting to doubt himself, and their lives of stalking and murder together. Hannibal accepted this truth; Will’s nature deemed it so. However, this knowledge didn’t cease the entire situation from upping his frustration levels.

“Why not make the rape definitive?”

“Two reasons,” Hannibal said, skirting around the counter to stand before him. “One because it would destroy you-“

“You already did destroy me!”

“No, the Will Graham before me is whole,” Hannibal ran his fingers through the soft locks behind his ear. “Tarnished by my forcing him to reveal himself, his true nature, but whole. The second reason is I didn’t want to harm you in such a way. I longed for you in a sexual manner, that is true. From the moment I saw you in Jack Crawford’s office I thought you were…” he took a deep inhale of his sweet scent. “Such a physically beautiful human being. But I needed you to come to me.”

“This was not the life I imagined for myself…” Will said, stepping away from Hannibal’s touch.

“So often reality falls away from our imaginings.”

“Not with you. You have everything under your control. Always.”

“Not always. Not always with you,” Hannibal said. “Not even *often* with you.” A smile graced his lips. “Do you realise what a relief that is, for one as myself, to be always on my proverbial guard in such a way? I already told you, Will. I won’t hurt you. Not anymore.”

Tears glinted in the long dark eyelashes. “Maybe I want you to. Maybe I deserve it. Everything I’ve done. The people I’ve helped kill.”

“All have committed what you would deem to be terrible acts. And you already know it feels good to harm people who harm others.”

“Doesn’t make it right.” The tears now splashed down his cheeks.

“This constant struggle is why I love you. Something I can never feel.” Hannibal cupped his jaw in his hands, before bending down to brush lips together. Will sighed, duelling his tongue with Hannibal’s, wrapping his arm around his waist to pull him closer.

“Fuck me hard. Make it hurt. Make me bleed,” Will said.

“No,” Hannibal replied.

Will once again shook him off himself. “You say you will do anything for me but not this one thing! Do it! I don’t care! I’m not worth it!”

“Not to me,” Hannibal said. “To me you are worth everything. What has happened-?” He reached out for Will but once again Will stepped back, out of his reach.

“Don’t touch me, Hannibal!”

Hannibal inwardly grinned at Will’s sudden turn-about. There was no fear in Will’s tense frame, instead, mere frustration and anger emanated.

“Oh, come now, Will-“ He grabbed him around the waist and propelled his frame forward, smashing their bodies together.

“I said get off me!” Will pushed him back, with surprising strength.

“You just told me you wanted me to touch you without your permission. I was merely honouring that.”

“Fine then! Do it.”

Hannibal shook his head, no longer interested in the bizarre conversation. “For dessert we’ll be having chocolate mousse with cherries.”

He returned to the kitchen, adding seasoning and crushed garlic to his whisked eggs.

“Hannibal I’m so sorry. I don’t know what’s wrong with me.”

“We are back in the cycle of your questioning your being with and participating in killing with a serial killer. As a non-psychopath yourself, it’s a fair assessment to make. I would be disappointed if you didn’t. But Will,” he looked back, catching Will’s despondent expression. “You are not worthy of being harmed, by being with me. And I will never harm you. I agree with your assessment, for the most part, of me being a psychopath, but not with you. My feelings for you are…” He scrunched his nose, attempted to sort through the various competing emotions that surfaced, and continued to surface, ever since Will Graham had come into his life and was now with him, in the completeness he had yearned for from the beginning. “Falling in love had been such a foreign and yes, initially unwelcome experience for me, that I did not act with the best intentions for you, initially. The usual psychopathic desires to manipulate were intermixed with the new desire to protect, for you to desire me, to need me, as I desired and needed you.”

“I started to suspect *I* was a psychopath,” Will absently rubbed the pronounced hickey on his neck.

“No, just an incredibly complicated human being. Pure empathy, as I explained when I first met you. Even for those you kill. You will always be haunted by what you do. To me, that only increases your loveliness.”

Will’s mouth opened to the first genuine smile he had favoured Hannibal with all afternoon; an uplift of lips and twinkling of eyes that served to slam Hannibal’s heart against his ribcage, with such force it was close to breaking through, to physically landing in the smaller man’s hands.

And why not? He already owns the physical symbol of love anyway.

“People talk about your charm and intellect and yes that’s all true,” Will said. “But they never talk about how truly strange you are at times. As in apart from the whole being a serial killer thing.”

Hannibal once more came to him, pulled him close and kissed his lips, resting their foreheads together.

“I’m sorry about my former…” Will frowned. “I saw this man in the street today, reminded me of Jack… It wasn’t, of course… maybe he looked nothing like him.”

Hannibal frowned, reaching up to absently stroke the hair on the back of Will’s head. After surviving the fall, they had escaped to South America, before ending up in London, where Will, who had a surprising knack for accents, now worked as an 'English' criminology lecturer, with Hannibal as his ‘husband’. For two years, none of Will’s colleagues were aware that their pretty bespectacled colleague was a killer on the run.

“I miss him Hannibal, I really do.”

Hannibal inwardly cursed Jack Crawford for bringing up all of Will’s former guilt and angst over their shared past, a past Hannibal was more than happy to let go of. As far as he was concerned, he had Will and that was all that mattered.

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Will placed the mug in the cupboard and closed the door, before throwing the tea towel on the bench nearby.

“Hannibal?”

Hannibal put down the plate he had been scraping in the warm soapy water of the sink and reached around Will, to pick up the tea towel, drying his hands, before sliding them under Will’s t-shirt and clasping the soft flesh underneath, pulling him forward into a sloppy kiss.

“I’m sorry about before… I mean it…I don’t know what I was saying…” He shook his head.

“I love you Will,” Hannibal said, trailing his fingers along the crease of his jaw, the bristles of Will’s stubble tickling his finger pads.

The ensuing smile that graced Will’s lips didn’t reach his eyes. “Do you mean that? *Can* you mean that?”

“Yes,” Hannibal said, without hesitation, frustration spiking his stomach. His world used to be one of absolute control, such that frustration rarely entered his rigid body.

Will Graham changed all of this, had changed him completely, had taken Hannibal and torn him apart, ripping open his innards to feast, to consume Hannibal with such surety as Hannibal his victims, dissolving him and reforming him to someone new.

Will leaned forward once more. This time the kiss had more passion to it, their tongues frantically tangling together.

“Wait…wait…” Will pulled away and bent over the kitchen bench, unzipping his jeans and pulling them and his boxers down to reveal his pert ass.

“Not there,” As much as Hannibal appreciated rough sex, he wouldn’t appreciate the edge of the bench cutting into his beloved’s hipbone with each thrust.

As Will shot him a puzzled glance, Hannibal shoved the fruit bowl off the kitchen bench, the resulting smash on the ground on the other side of the bench signalling its break, followed by apples, oranges and grapes skittering along the tiles.

“Here,” Hannibal patted the top of the bench.

Acquiescing, Will shoved off his t-shirt, jeans and boxers, before clambering up the surface, bending his feet under his knees, to afford Hannibal a pornographic, and very delectable view of his ass.

“Like this,” Will said. “Take me like this.”

And so Hannibal acquiesced, using first his fingers and tongue followed by his thrusting erection to make Will moan and squirm beneath him, moving in time with Hannibal, thrusting back and back to meet him. Will came first, shuddering and groaning. Hannibal, draped over his back, allowed the spasm around his erection, clenching him further inside his lover, to topple him over the edge of bliss, biting deep into his lover’s adam’s apple. Coming down, as Will continued to pant beneath him, Hannibal buried his nose in Will’s soft, springy hair, inhaling the sweet scent of his shampoo and conditioner.

“I’ll give you eight out of ten for effort on that one,” Will remarked

“Only eight out of ten?” Hannibal slid himself out and kissed his flesh above the bite mark, before sliding off the bench.

Will spun himself around and sat, still sweat drenched, with Hannibal’s come sliding down his inner thigh, his own splattered on his stomach.

“Because I like to think there’s always room for improvement,” Will grinned.

Unable to resist, Hannibal bent down, to lick the salty substance off his stomach, before leaning down further to his thighs, tasting his own essence.

“You want your tongue to replace soap?” Amusement coloured Will’s tone.

“I’ll join you in the shower,” Hannibal said, reaching down to where he’d taken off his own clothes, scattered on the floor and picking them up, along with Will’s. “These can go on the laundry, on the way.”

Will laughed. “Always the practical one.”

His ensuing uplift of lips thankfully didn’t bear the uncertainty of earlier.

“Alright, maybe we can… soap each other up…” Will raised his brows.

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Will sighed, burrowing his face deeper into Hannibal’s chest, as Hannibal ran his hands up and down the smooth flesh of his lover’s back, lingering on the cold metal of the cuffs tying his hands behind him.

“Mm… your chest hair is always so ticklish…”

Hannibal squeezed his left ass cheek, before whacking the flesh hard enough to redden but not bruise. Will jumped.

“Now that wasn’t nice. If I wasn’t a little tied up…maybe I’ll return the favour.” He wiggled his bound fingers.

Hannibal gripped his shoulders and turned him so he was lying on his back, trailing a finger down his inner thigh, where the semen from the post shower lovemaking leaked from his well-used opening. Sliding down his body, he trailed his tongue down the flesh his finger had traced.

“Why do you enjoy the taste of my semen so much? I’ve always wanted to ask.”

Will was enthusiastic in his attentions when he went down on Hannibal but tended to refrain from allowing Hannibal to finish in his mouth, only allowing such pleasures on special occasions deemed important by Will, such as Hannibal’s birthday.

“Because it’s the closest I can get to tasting your interior.”

Will laughed. “Can’t say I’m surprised. I’m sorry I’m not always enthused to return the favour. It’s nothing personal, I just don’t like the taste.”

“But you’re willing to make exceptions on occasion.”

“I’m willing to forgo personal distaste to give you an extra treat. Now uncuff me. I want to sleep.”

Hannibal reached across the dresser for the cuff keys and unlocked Will’s hands, throwing the handcuffs and keys into the drawer and closing it, before drawing his lover to his chest, once more, running his fingers through his silken locks. Will was warm and heavy on top of him, but not too heavy, which was all of supreme need to his own comfort.

“Stay with me, Will. Please…”

For a moment, Will didn’t reply, his breath low and even.

“Despite my occasional fear, I’m not going anywhere. I love you, Hannibal. I know how crazy it sounds. I’m in love with a serial killer.”

“As am I,” Hannibal pointed out.

“That’s fair,” Will said.

*

Will strolled into the house from work with the usual yapping of his dogs outside, removing his coat and scarf and placing them on the coatrack.

“Will,” Hannibal came forward and drew him into his arms, kissing his supple lips. Will returned the favour but without his usual enthusiasm, causing Hannibal to inwardly sigh. His beloved, despite stating the night before that he had forgiven Hannibal, yet again, for his former trespasses, was still harbouring angst.

“Dinner tonight is…”

“I know you love cooking but I feel bad I never return the favour,” Will wrapped his arms around Hannibal’s waist, resting his head against his chest.

“Yes, despite my pitiful job, I have committed fully to one of a house husband,” Hannibal said wryly, returning his own arms around Will’s slim frame.

“Pitiful job of part time art curator…” There was a wryness to Will’s own tone that was tempered by whatever wretchedness existed inside him.

“Will…Did something happen at work today?” Ah, so in an event that was starting to become a non-rarity for him, when it came to Will Graham, Hannibal was mistaken. Will’s current despondency was not potentially associated with their discussion the night before. The politics of Will’s work never interested him, the daily struggles and opportunities of others too boring to contemplate. Will had learned not to bring up what was happening at work, due to Hannibal’s obvious non-interest.

“You don’t care for my office politics, or your own apparently,” Will confirmed Hannibal’s bias against work issues.

“Only when they affect you,” Hannibal said. “I will not allow anyone to harm you, even in the slightest fashion.”

“Your continuing obsession with me is…I told you last night I’m not going anywhere,” frustration crept into Will’s turn.

“Having you here in my arms only strengthens my obsession, not dulls it,” Hannibal said.

“You are an odd individual. Has anyone ever told you that?”

“And yet here you are, in the arms of such odd individual.”

Will pecked him on his lips. “It’s been a long day, that’s all. I’m going to have a shower. Then I’m taking you out to dinner.”

Hannibal, so attuned to reading others, spotted Will’s lie. Some personal travesty had occurred at his work that day but, for whatever reason, he was hesitant to discuss it.

Tbc…

Chapter 2

“Despite my occasional fear, I’m not going anywhere. I love you, Hannibal. I know how crazy it sounds. I’m in love with a serial killer,” Will’s fingers trailed along the soft flesh of his lover’s abdomen.

“As am I,” Hannibal pointed out.

“That’s fair,” Will moved off Hannibal’s ticklish chest hair to rest his head on his smoother shoulder.

Their latest victim took them across the ocean, where, after weeks of stalking, they arrived at a cottage twenty kilometres outside Paris, and relieved the man there of his need to rape and murder children, by slitting his throat… after indulging in their usual murderous entertainment. Will told himself he was doing society a favour, by removing those who cause utmost suffering, who violate the conventions of the morals that hold society together. However, he was aware these were merely the notions with which he placated himself, to attempt to explain his darker impulses. The truth was, he enjoyed the ferociousness of the crimes he and Hannibal embarked on, moreover was satiated by fresh blood that drenched his being, pervading his nostrils with copper, as he drew Hannibal’s equally bloody lips to his own, their victims' screams a benediction to his welcoming ears.

His life had turned into an exhilarating panache of violence combined with overwhelming affections. Even now, the tenderness with which Hannibal stroked his hair was at odds with the viciousness he had viewed his mate inflict on others, that Hannibal had inflicted on himself. Will had attended classes at the academy on the types of violence men inflicted on others, including intimate partner. Despite Hannibal’s fervour towards him, there were moments in which he puzzled over if if he was, in fact, in an intimately violent partnership. As with so many others in such relationships, could the red flags be camouflaged against the bright colours of Hannibal’s dizzying attentions?

Though Hannibal had certainly abused him in the past, before he gave in to be his life companion, Hannibal had since acted the perfect partner for himself, attending to every need and whim, particularly in regards to the more violent impulses they engaged in together. Will believed Hannibal’s profession of love. As much as it seemed impossible, Hannibal, in all of his deviance, had fallen in love with anther human. Those in psychiatrist circles would say it was impossible, for a psychopath to develop feelings for another, to need and wish to protect them.

Will coveted that love, needed that love.

But there were the times, as that afternoon, when he would fall back into the pattern of doubting Hannibal’s affections, telling himself he was wrong. They were wrong. Hannibal could never experience remorse or angst over their crimes, but *he* could. In these moments, the angst would revolve throughout his being with such a force, it resolved into a need to be punished, a need for Hannibal to perpetuate his own form of divine retribution on them both.

What am I doing here?

He had asked the question to himself multiple times in the past two years, but never resolved to an adequate answer.

"It's okay to doubt, Will," as always, Hannibal correctly analysed the ramblings of his mind. "It's normal to doubt such extreme circumstance as our life together."

Will kissed his lover's sweaty neck. Yes, he would doubt, but he also wouldn't leave. As extreme and bizarre as their life was together, it was true, he had nowhere else to go. Refused to be anywhere else but there, in Hannibal's arms, with Hannibal's unsophisticated erection poking into his stomach.

The sexual component of his relationship with Hannibal had been an initial minor shock. Though Hannibal was open in his bisexuality, Will had not been attracted sexually to other men in the past, was not attracted sexually to the male gender now.

Hannibal was the sole exception.

Touching him, tasting of his lips, allowing Hannibal the ultimate of access to his body was a scorching need, a fulfilment that could never be quenched, despite their desperate and rough lovemaking.

"Hannibal…" Hannibal's mouth always tasted of his sophisticated palate. They became more brutal with their affection with each other's bodies, biting hard enough to bleed. Wills' fingers sliding inside his lover's opening, needing more, coveting Hannibal's frenzied groans. Though Will preferred to be the one taken, on rare occasion, they switched, to allow him the warmth and heat of his lover's interior. Hannibal wrapped his long legs around Will's waist and plundered his mouth with his tongue. The orgasm was always less strong when he was the one topping. Will was surprised to become aware of this personal truth; he found the power of being the one plundered, the vulnerability of allowing Hannibal access to such a tender part of himself, so strong as to be overwhelming.

Both lay, panting against each other, before Will rolled off Hannibal. As per their usual sleeping arrangement, Hannibal's warmth pressed against his back, arm slung over his shoulder, mouth nuzzling his hair. Though Will never gave much consideration to his own locks, regarding their unmanageable nature to be an inconvenience at worst, Hannibal was always determined to touch them.

"Are you sated now?" Hannibal's breath was light against his ear.

"For now," Will smiled.

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Will slammed his bag onto his cluttered desk top, still flustered from his rushed morning, where, despite waking at a reasonable hour, himself and Hannibal still managed to leave the house late. Running a distracted hand through his hair, he then opened his bag and pulled out a folder of his notes for his first class.

Shrill laughter down the accompanying hallway caused him to jump. Intrigued, he opened the door to his office and stepped out, to Shirley, one of the professors of medicine, laughing with a tall darkhaired man. The man turned his head to face Will, before his legs locked in a half-step position, eyes flicking up and down Will's body. Unnerved, Will folded his arms across chest.

Is he… checking me out?

"Ah so here is the famous Professor Clarence Ainsley," the man said, now stalking towards him. "I've heard so much about you. My name is William Frasier."

Another Will. Of course, why not?

Switching to the London accent that was a part of his disguise of Clarence, Will spoke.

"Ah, so you're the new professor of linguistics, pleased to meet you," he held out his hand.

"I'm *very* pleased to meet *you*," William shook his hand, now obvious in his leer of Will's slender build, before turning back to Shirley. "Why didn't anyone tell me?"

"Tell you what?" Shirley asked.

William still hadn't let go of Will's hand. He moved to pull back, only for the man to clasp tighter.

"I'd heard about your vast intellect and talent, but it wasn't impressed on me enough what a pretty *pretty* man you are. Please excuse my impertinence. I simply see beauty and feel compelled to comment."

Will pulled his hand away, awkward. Hannibal, of course, not in the least lacking in the good looks department himself, often commented on his own perception of Will's beauty. When Hannibal talked in such a way, warmth and comfort spread through his being. Now, his viscera chilled, as though doused in cold water.

"Okay, I've made things awkward…Sorry about that…" Will heard no contrition in the man's tone.

"It's fine… Anyway, I'd better… I have a lecture I need to prepare for."

As Will turned away from William, he could sense his eyes on his back, crawling down his skin.

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"And so, in terms of the dynamics…"

A familiar dark-haired figure came into the room and sat down in the front row to the side.

Will blinked. It was not common for professors to sit in other's lecturers, particularly as they were finishing.

“In terms of the dynamics between criminal and investigator, this needs to be kept in mind. That will be all for today.” He clicked to the last slide displaying his references, as the shuffle of chairs and whispered voices signalled the students leaving, many passing curious glances at William as they passed.

“Looked to be an interesting lecture, I’m sorry I missed the beginning,” William said, as Will reached down to pull his usb out of the projector console.

“Oh, hi William, I’m in a bit of a rush so…”

William grinned and reached out. Will flinched back in alarm, as the man’s fingers stroked over the cloth covering his collar bone.

“Just getting rid of a stray hair,” William rubbed his fingers together.

“What do you want?” In his distraction of William touching him, he almost forgot to switch accents.

“To take you out to dinner. Tonight. My treat,” William’s smile was one of a man who always got what he wanted.

Except for this time.

“Thank you for the offer but I’m fine.”

“Oh no, I insist,” William lowered his voice.

Will blinked, off-kilter. Due to his former solidary lifestyle, he could count on his hands the amount of times he’d been asked out. Three of these were by men who weren’t aware of his proclivity towards women. When he wasn’t interested, he would gently let the person down and that would be the end of it. He was amiss as to why this William was continuing to pursue him in such a fashion.

“I would very much like to know the mind behind that *pretty pretty* face.” William paused, peculiar light flashing in his cold brown irises, as his tongue swiped along his upper lip. “Okay, admittedly to get to know that lovely *body* too.”

If this is his come on attempt, he needs a new one.

“I’m… married…” Will said, hoping this revelation would deter the other man.

“And who is this very lucky woman… or man?”

Will was so taken aback by the interest of the man before him that his brain struggled to recall the name they had fashioned for Hannibal.

“Lukas. He’s an art curator.” He wasn’t sure why he added the last sentence.

What is he doing here?

Will crossed his arms around his waist, to cover proof of his inner tremble.

What is this?

"Ooh… an art curator… Hm…Please, allow me to take you to dinner tonight. I promise I won't bite… unless you want me to that is…" He raised a brow.

"I'm sorry but I'm not interested."

William laughed. "You pretty boys are all the same. Have designs on yourself."

But you just-?

"I was merely discussing taking you out as a work colleague, to discuss work. Please focus on being professional."

Now it was Will's turn to laugh with incredulity. "I'm hardly the one who has been unprofessional, here. Now I have another class to prepare for."

"Certainly. We'll talk soon."

Will berated the relief flowing through his tense body as the man exited the lecture hall.

*

Will was walking to his car, when the noise of shrill laughter caused his heart to sink into his stomach. After the confrontation in the lecture hall, William had not bothered him the rest of the day. With his lower innards now twisting painfully around each other, he turned, to the sight of William walking across the carpark in his direction, waving goodbye to Kevin Jones, the professor of calculus.

"Ah Clarence! So, we meet again!" William closed the distance between them.

"I was just leaving," Will forced his legs to walk faster towards his vehicle, parked ten metres before him.

"Wait a second," Will flinched from the hand combing through his hair. "Leaf," William held a red maple leaf in his fingers. "What's wrong?"

What's wrong? Why do you keep finding excuses to touch me?

"I'm tired. I need to get to my car," Will hurried faster. *Almost there, almost.*

"I'm sorry if I was a little forward earlier," William said, walking alongside him.

A little forward?

"It's fine," Will pulled out his diffuser and opened the locks to his pinto.

"I would like to establish a good working relationship with you. I'm sure we could learn a lot off each other," by now they had reached the vehicle. William tapped his hand on Will's boot.

“I really need to leave,” Will said.

“Of course. Back to your husband,” his voice lowered, eyes flittering from side to side, as though to ascertain they were alone. “Pretty boys like you need to be well fucked. I only hope he’s up to the task.”

Will’s mouth flew open in incredulity, as William’s ogling stare once more lingered insultingly over his slender frame.

“I’ll see you tomorrow.”

*

Back at home, to his dogs and his river, to Hannibal. Of course, though Hannibal gave no interest in Will’s work, he was able to correctly deduce, through Will’s dazed body language, the day's torment.

Will told himself that it didn’t matter. Sure, William was a sleaze, but it wasn’t as though he was a true predator. Of course, Will clung tighter to Hannibal’s neck, there was an irony there, of him forgoing one predator for another, simply because of the level of potential harm.

Admit it, you don’t want to admit to Hannibal what happened today, his brain shot back at him, for which he had no defence. He could tell himself the man’s harassment was no big problem and it wasn’t, in the reality of the kinds of predators he and Hannibal dealt with; some of whom were open in their own desire to assault him and/or Hannibal in such a vicious way. But in these confrontations, Will was always in control, was never the least phased by their salacious words.

The university was an environment he couldn’t control. No matter high tightly he and Hannibal held onto their false backgrounds, Will was aware that one false move could tear their relatively comfortable surroundings apart and them into the wind, once more.

“Having you here in my arms only strengthens my obsession, not dulls it,” Hannibal said.

“Pretty boys like you need to be well fucked. I can only hope he’s up to the task.”

Will’s innards spiked with disgust and rage.

Fuck that sleaze! Your Hannibal, who you love if you’ll recall, is telling you how much he needs you.

“You are an odd individual. Has anyone ever told you that?” Will forced his focus back onto his partner.

“And yet here you are, in the arms of such odd individual,” Hannibal’s brown irises gleamed with good humour.

Odd but my kind of odd.

Will pecked him on his full lips. “It’s been a long day. I’m going to have a shower. Then I’m taking you out to dinner.”

*

“I’m impressed you were able to get us a table here,” Hannibal said, placing the white cloth napkin on his lap.

“Mm… fortuitous…” Will gazed out the wide window, to the vast view of London city, the London Eye visible to the west. They had ridden on the ferris wheel when they first arrived in the grand city, whereupon Will had discovered his fear of open heights. Interesting to live for thirty-six years and never acknowledge that particular phobia. He picked up his glass of tavel rose, allowing the liquid to sooth his palate.

“Two cuttlefish bolognese with basil rigatoni, Amalfi lemon and olive oil,” the waiter said, placing two plates down on the table before Will and Hannibal.

“I’m sure even a Michelin star restaurant as this won’t stand up to your fine cooking,” Will said, grinning as he picked up his fork and dug into the food, allowing the gustatory splendour to overwhelm his senses.

“From your expression, I’d say the bolognese pleases you,” Hannibal’s lips upcurled.

Will swallowed, allowing Hannibal’s handsomeness in the soft glow of the candlelight to satiate his being, with more vigour than the delicious meal.

“The food isn’t all that’s pleasing me right now,” Will whispered.

Hannibal reached across the table to take his hand.

“Soon, my love. We can gratify ourselves by other means.”

Will looked down at their clasped hands. “With my job… obviously, it helps in aid of our hunting…But yours… I’ve always thought that for you, it must be such a bore.”

“Not all of my life is dedicated to our hunt, as thrilling as it is. I am also enthused by aesthetics, in art and in reality…” To prove his point, he reached across and trailed a hand down Will’s cheek.

Pretty boy… pretty pretty boy…

Will pulled his hand away from Hannibal’s and dug in his fork, to once more relish in the delicious meal.

“It’s not at all happenstance that the one who has captured my absolute adoration and need is not only psychologically attuned to me perfectly but also appeals to my love of aesthetics. Would I still yearn for you if you weren’t beautiful as well as intellectually stimulating?”

Will chuckled. “You always say it and it’s nice, but I’d hardly call myself beautiful. Such a strange term for a man, anyway.”

“And yet so fitting for you,” Hannibal said.

“I’m hardly the epitome of male handsomeness. Too short for one. In fact, I’d argue *you’re* more the epitome of what’s seen as handsome.”

“You fail to notice the effect your looks have on others, which only adds to their desire of you.”

Will flashed on William‘s lascivious glance, crawling over his physicality and creating the strong urge to wash in the filthy wake.

“There’s only one person I want to be desirous of me and he’s sitting right in front of me,” Will said.

“Fortuitous that I feel the same way about you.”

*

Will stepped into his office, instantly spying the single red rose on his desk. Frowning, he removed his coat and draped it over the back of his chair, picking up the rose to reveal a print out of a ticket to a session of a movie called ‘The Criminal Mind’.

Great… just great…

Will’s guts clenched, heart slamming in his chest, mouth dry. Footsteps sounded behind him followed by light knocking. He spun around, to William leaned against the edge of the doorframe.

“Good morning pretty. There’s a new documentary I thought I’d take you to, figured it would be fitting, considering your profession.”

“Why do you think I’d want to have anything more to do with my job outside of it?” Will asked.

Remember, you’re Clarence here. Uptight English professor.

“I keep my relationship with my colleagues on a professional level and I’d appreciate if you’d do the same,” Will unwound the scarf from around his neck and placed it on top of his coat.

“Hm…” William sauntered further into the office. “So. there are other… fun things you’re interested in, outside the office, that is.” Will flinched back, as William reached his hand out towards him. “It’s okay, let me…” He was attempting to touch his jaw.

“Don’t touch me!” Will said, American accent slipping out.

William’s brows furrowed, before he shook his head and smiled.

“Your husband give you a good time last night?” he again pointed at Will’s neck, before stepping closer, into his body space. Will stepped back, but was impeded by the desk. “You

enjoy taking cock in your mouth and ass? I hope you're not trying to tempt me. That would be…dangerous…for you."

"Get out of my office!" Will shoved him back, annoyed at his trembling hands. If he were to tremble when hunting with Hannibal, it was always because of excitement over fear. This time, at least, he remembered to stay 'in character' as Clarence Ainsley.

William's eyes once more roved over Will's slim frame.

"I would stop harassing me. Otherwise it may be… dangerous… for you," Will said.

William raised a brow. "Now that sounds like a challenge."

He smirked at Will before departing the room. Will exhaled deeply, attempting to temper his rampaging pulse.

It's fine. I can deal with this idiot.

*

The clatter of chairs and loud voices dissipating out of the lecture hall signalled his students leaving. Will rubbed a hand against his face. Though he had managed to get through the lecture, his voice had been rising and falling in octaves throughout, his muscles rigid, alert for when William would step into the room, stare him down with the icy flat irises. Will clenched his fists, irritated with himself that William was affecting him in such a fashion. The tremble and racing pulse were all signs of an increased sympathetic nervous system. As a predator, himself, Will was amiss as to why he wasn't shutting this other man down.

This shouldn't be happening. Not to me.

Even as a man, he told himself, he should be able to look after himself. Men didn't get harassed in such a way.

Only, he was aware this was false. Men did get sexually harassed, did get raped. Three of his and Hannibal's victims were the type to want to take power in such a fashion from their own victims. Perhaps he was hesitant on confronting William because of the precariousness of the situation. No one could discover that Clarence Ainsley and his husband Lukas did not, in fact, exist and were wanted to multiple murder. A humourless smile uplifted his lips. That would give this William fool a shock, indeed.

*

When, after Will's second lecture, William didn't step into the classroom, Will's jaw and muscles released their pent-up tension, allowing himself to take control of his voice and posture. Though he habitually had lunch in the lunchroom with the others, he went off campus, driving ten minutes down the road to a local café, before returning for his final lecture of the day.

At the end, as he was exiting the room after the final students, William stepped in, causing Will's chest to deflate. He should have guessed this was going to happen.

“So, me and a couple of the others are having a quick beer after work-“

“Pass,” Will went to push past him, only to be stopped by a hand gripping his arm.

I’m really not in the mood for this.

“Excuse me,” Will went to pull away, and the hand gripped him tighter, painfully grinding the bones.

“Tell me, does that hickey go all the way down? Like it rough, pretty boy?”

Will twisted his wrist and forcefully broke free of the other man’s hold.

Remember, he told himself. You’re not Will Graham. You’re Clarence Ainsley. English professor of criminology.

“I’ll give you one more warning or I’ll be reporting this behaviour.”

William laughed. “What behaviour is this? It’s not a crime to flirt. And you’re very delectable to flirt with.”

“It’s not flirting if the other person isn’t accepting of the attention.”

William grabbed his arm once more, leaning close, to whisper in Will’s ear. “I’ve been thinking about you, pretty boy. Been thinking about this sweet ass.” Will gasped as a hand shot out and whacked him hard on the rump.

“I said get off me!” Will once more broke from his hold.

The door opened and one of his students, Sarah, hurried in. “Sorry, forgot my text book.”

“No problem, Sarah,” using her as an excuse, he stepped away from William and towards her. “Did you enjoy the lecture?”

“Yes, very much so!” Sarah smiled back at him. “I always find your lecturers to be intellectually stimulating, Professor Ainsley.” A flush graced her cheeks.

“Ah yes, please tell me more.”

The noise of the door banging signalled William’s departure.

*

Will was sitting on the couch, distributing his pats amongst his four dogs, with two of them licking his giggling face, when Hannibal walked in the door, bearing a painting, wrapped in paper. Sammy and Ginger instantly jumped off Will’s lap to paw at Hannibal, as Kloe and Paw Paw took their place, Kloe rubbing her big snout against Will’s chest and Paw Paw settling down on his thighs.

“I’ve bought another painting, my love, to dignify our house with. One I’m certain you’ll like, considering your own fascination with rivers.” With his usual grace, Hannibal shooed the dogs away, to walk to the dining table and tear off the paper, revealing a handsome print of Monet’s “On the Bank of the Seine, Bennecourt”.

Will dropped the dogs off himself and wandered over. Hannibal pulled him forward for a peck on his lips.

“As usual, Toby was amiss that you weren’t there,” Hannibal grinned, stroking Will’s hair.

Will froze. Toby was harmless. Though obvious with his crush, he had never overstepped any boundaries, when it came to improper actions.

Unlike William’s harassment.

“All fine, my love?” Hannibal’s eyebrows drew inwards.

Hannibal doesn’t have to know. You can deal with this without his usual brutal form of protection.

Will wrapped his hands around Hannibal’s waist, drawing him closer and indulging in a more satisfying, tongue dueling kiss.

“Better now you’re here.”

Tbc…

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Thanks to all who are reading/commenting/bookmarking/sending kudos :)

Ignoring Will's mutt's frenzied pawing, Hannibal stepped through the archway separating the lounge from the dining room and placed his package on the table, before tearing the wrapping off, to reveal one of Monet's finest paintings. Camille Doncieux, elegant in a white and black striped dress combining hues of blue, sat on the banks of the Seine river, her dark hair tied up in an elegant bun, blue ribboned hat on the bright grass beside her. Before her stood the pretty, modest village of Glotton. Though, in the fluctuations of light across the calm water, the palette of blues, greens and yellows evoked a startling immediacy, to Hannibal, the painting lacked the vivid colours typical of Monet's art.

Light footsteps sounded behind him and Hannibal placed his hand on Will's warm back, to pull him forward for a smooch on his enticing mouth.

"As usual, Toby was disappointed you haven't come to visit," Hannibal said, indulging his fingers in Will's curls.

Disappointed was perhaps an understatement. His fellow art curator had begged for himself and Will to attend dinner at his house the following Thursday. Hannibal had declined.

"Another time."

"I never see your lovely husband."

"Perhaps it's because you follow him around with lovesick eyes whenever he's here."

Toby grimaced. "If I am ever inappropriate…Believe me Hannibal, I would never, never wish for him to be uncomfortable around me."

"There's no need to worry there, Toby. He's never spoken to discomfort around you."

"It would be a pleasure to see him again. I'll make certain to keep my lovesick eyes to myself."

Will's slender frame tensed in his arms.

"All fine, my love?" Hannibal asked.

His life partner answered by pressing their mouths together, his tongue tasting of the usual coffee, his cheap cologne odorous to Hannibal's nostrils.

“Better, now you’re here,” Will said, lips creasing, blue irises glimmering with wanton desire.

As am I, my love.

Satiated by Will’s presence, Hannibal turned back to the painting. The dark green leaves of the trees beside Camille reflected, with precise brushstrokes, in the still water of the river.

A cosy arm wrapped around his waist, hand resting on his hip. Hannibal reached across his stomach to lay his own hand on Will’s.

“This is Monet’s partner and soon to be wife,” Hannibal explained. “Painted at a low time in Monet’s young life. Despondent by his lack of finances, he attempted suicide in the Seine river.”

“If I ever suffered such a low point in life, maybe I’d take myself out the same way.”

“Certainly, rivers are a focal point to your psyche, a necessity to tranquilise the convoluted murmurings of your mind.”

Hannibal swiveled, to cup Will’s jaw in his palms, running his thumbs over the sharp, bristled edges.

“Something is troubling you.”

Though Will was attempting to calm the always hazardous waters exposing his overworked brain, his blue irises gave truth to the whirlpool beneath.

“I’m fine.”

“Will, I’m not going to insult both of our intelligence by reminding you of who I am.”

Will’s delicate features crinkled in a scowl, as he backed out of Hannibal’s embrace.

“I can take care of myself.”

“For two days now, when you have arrived home from work-“

Hannibal was always impressed by Will’s ability to switch moods in a micro-expression. The younger man tilted his head, grimace dissolving and face smoothing, as his irises twinkled with the usual complicated workings of his mind.

“I’m feeling horny.” Hannibal allowed Will to caress his hands down the cloth of his suit jacket. “I’m thinking the reason is the scrumptious man standing in front of me.”

The savage vortex still swirled in the depths of the lustful glitter of Will’s pale eyes.

“I want you to fuck me on the couch.”

Will's obfuscation was obvious and Hannibal was more than aware that a good partner would ignore his attempt to shift from Hannibal's prying, by appealing to his lust. Hannibal considered himself a good partner, or as good a partner as a confirmed psychopath could be.

However, he wasn't that good.

As he lifted Will into his arms and carried him to the couch, cosseting in his mouth on the way, he told himself he could discern Will's troubles later. For now, he was going to discern Will's remarkable physical form in a different fashion.

*

Hannibal groaned, thrusting lustily into his partner's velvet insides, as his hands roamed over his sweat slicked skin, reacquainting himself with the soft flesh over bone of his hips, the hair covering his inner thighs, the taught nubs of his nipples. Will's own hands were engaged in their own exploring of Hannibal's muscular frame, squeezing his ass cheeks, running through his short hair locks, trailing up and down his back, as his groans grew louder. Sensing Will's near completion, Hannibal abruptly pulled out, grinning down at Will's resultant pout, before sitting up to flip him over onto his front, shoving one of the couch's cushions to the ground to provide them with more space.

"More… more…" Will groaned.

"Patience, my love," Hannibal said, whacking his left buttock so hard his hand left a mark.

"Ow don't do that, Hannibal!" Will swiveled his neck to face him, forehead furrowed, lips twisted down in clear irritation.

Another emotion displayed in the slight momentary tremble of his upper lip, one that Hannibal, in all of his genius, couldn't discern. In all of their lovemaking over two years, even despite having a safe word, Will had never showed any displeasure towards Hannibal's rough slaps to his ass or bites; in fact, tended to encourage more rough-making. The only times Will would tell him to stop or slow down was when Hannibal became too enthusiastic with his movement inside him. Even then, Will would never be angry or irritable, moreover, would often wish to continue, albeit with gentler thrusts.

"Do you wish to stop?" Hannibal asked.

Will grabbed the pillow off the ground and placed it under his head.

"Fuck me just don't slap my ass."

Hannibal pressed his lips between his shoulder blades, before resting the front of his body along the back of his partner's.

"But you usually enjoy a bit of ass slapping," he teased, whispering in Will's ear, as he lightly slapped his right buttock.

"I said stop it, Hannibal! Actually, get off me! Get off me! I don't want this anymore."

Sighing, Hannibal clambered off him. Will sat up, cheeks flushed crimson.

“If you couldn’t *fuck* me anymore, you would leave, wouldn’t you?” Will asked.

“We’ve already been through this,” Hannibal plucked a stray curl off his forehead. “I have longed for your body, yes, I won’t deny it. But moreover, your mind, your presence. If you were to cease the sexual component of our relationship, having you here with me would be enough to satisfy my soul. I love you Will.”

Will chuckled. “You waited years to have me. If I suddenly stopped offering myself-“

“Then I would use my hand as I did before. Also,” he stroked his hand down his jaw. “What if *I* were the one to cease the sexual component of our relationship? Why isn’t *that* a consideration?”

Will placed a hand over the one trailing down his jaw. “Then I would have to throw you down and remind you of the reasons why you desire this body.”

“Sounds a challenge.”

Will laughed and draped an arm around Hannibal’s neck. Though Hannibal’s erection was still wishing to plunder Will’s insides, Hannibal told himself he’d have to wait, considering Will’s erection was subsiding.

“Will, you know others hold no value to me, only in that they are fun to manipulate and reflect my own aesthetic tastes. I have learned from an early age that to be successful in society, however, one must follow societal rules-“

“I’m not sure where you’re heading here,” Will said.

Hannibal clasped his free hand in his own.

“*Others* hold value to *you*. You enjoy your work friends and I, in my devotion, am glad for it. Though I will never comprehend needing any other than yourself, you need these dogs, this life outside of me. I want you to be happy” He lifted his hand and kissed the palm. “But lately you haven’t been happy. I believe you when you assure it isn’t me-“

“It’s not you!” Will’s shoulders slumped. “There’s a new professor at work causing me a bit of trouble, that’s all. It’s not a big issue. I don’t need your… brutal form of protection.”

Will, worrisome man that he was, for once, appeared to be downplaying his concerns.

“Alright, Will. I will let it go.” *For now.*

*

Will’s long fingers worked the piano keys, with more strategy than passion. However, Hannibal was convinced the passion would come, in time. As Will finished in his technically proficient version of ‘Ode to Joy’, he strolled over and placed his wine glass on the piano top, clapping.

“That’s wonderful, Will.”

“I’ve been practising in the times I’ve come home before you,” Will’s refined features widened, in a puppy dog expression that Hannibal suspected he didn’t realise he was enacting. Amused by his cuteness, Hannibal bent down and kissed his lightly freckled nose.

“Go on then,” Will scooted over and patted the stool space beside himself. “Show me up.” He reached across his side of the piano to take his own glass of red wine off the top to sip.

Hannibal laughed and placed his fingers in position, before playing a stirring rendition of “Pachelbel’s Canon in D”.

“Do you know anything modern?” Will asked.

“Hm….” Hannibal ceased the classical music and tingled the keys to a classic Beatles tune.

“He loves me yeah yeah yeah…” Hannibal sang.

Will clapped. “You are talented in so many ways, but you remain a terrible singer!”

Hannibal ignored his humoured insult, continuing to sing.

“He loves me yeah yeah yeah.”

“He loves me yeah yeah yeah yeah,” Will joined him in singing, with a more accomplished voice.

Hannibal reached the end of the song with a trill of keys. Will’s cheeks were tinted pink, this time in excitement. Unable to resist, Hannibal slobbered kisses all over his partner’s lovely face.

“Let’s finish off what we started earlier,” Will whispered.

*

This time, as he took his moaning, pleading partner hard and fast on the well-used lounge chair, Hannibal ignored his urge to slap Will’s ass. Instead, Will slapped his, with a cheeky grin.

*

“Alright off you go,” Will completed his rubbing his face into his fourth dog’s fur, before opening the front door and allowing the yapping mutts out, before turning to Hannibal.

“As always, I’m last,” Hannibal mock complained

“Mm… because I don’t intend to french kiss *them*,” Will scraped a finger along Hannibal’s left cheekbone.

“I’m glad for it.”

Will laughed and captured his lips, tongues dueling together, tiny moans from Will's larynx reverberating in Hannibal's mouth. This was the type of french kiss Hannibal approved of.

"Tonight, let's go out," Will said, his hand caressing Hannibal's short hair strands. "Walk through Regents Park. Maybe we'll find someone… enticing…"

A thrill raced down Hannibal's spine. Will was referring to the hunt.

"That sounds a good idea. The ice on the lake is very pretty this time of year. Perhaps in the coming days, we can partake in another drawing of you, this time by the water."

Only two of Hannibal's drawings of Will were framed and hung in their house. Even then, Hannibal had to repeatedly cajole until Will gave in. As Will had explained, he was glad Hannibal was indulging in his hobby of drawing and was even happy to be his occasional model. But, in his modesty, he didn't wish to have multiple drawings of himself hanging around.

"We can do that," Will said.

Hannibal stepped out onto their graveled drive and turned back, to Will standing still in the doorway, opaque expression scrunching his nose and forehead.

"Perhaps neither of us have to go to work today-"

"I'm going to work. Trust me, Hannibal. I can take care of myself."

As he passed him, with a rigid spine, Hannibal resisted the urge to grab him and demand he tell him what the problem was.

No, if he were to try and force Will in such a fashion, it would cause Will to curl further up into his current self-imposed shell.

He would need to try a different tactic.

*

Hannibal waited the two hours allocated to Will's first lecture, before confronting Toby, who was standing before a noveau piece consisting of three tin cans piled on top of each other. The larger man shook his head, causing Hannibal to laugh. Neither were of the opinion that anything could be art. However, they were clearly in the minority.

"Toby, do you mind if I have the rest of the day off? Clarence is unwell."

Toby's green eyes, the only beauty in his unfortunate poorly designed bald head, widened.

"No, it's nothing serious. I suspect food poisoning. However, if he keeps vomiting, I may need to take him to the hospital for fluids to prevent dehydration."

"Poor Clarence. Of course! I hope he gets better soon."

“I will let you know.”

With his pointed shoes clicking along the gallery’s wooden floorboards, Hannibal made a hasty retreat out of there.

*

As Hannibal strolled down the busy corridor, he searched for Will in the harried students bustling to and fro. A familiar figure, walking up the other side towards him caught his eyes.

“Lukas! Haven’t seen you in a while.”

“Greetings Shirley, I have time off work today, thought I’d take Clarence out to lunch.”

She stopped and laid a hand on his shoulder. “You must attend our dinner party next week. You’ve missed three in a row now.”

Hannibal was tempted to tell her the truth- he only enjoyed attending dinner parties when they were the ones *he* hosted…with exotic added ingredients. Though Will enjoyed making friends in his new job, in his shy nature, he wasn’t keen on social events. Thus, they’d been conveniently busy the past three times she’d had her self-described famous dinner parties.

“The usual Friday at seven? I’ll have to check with Clarence.”

“I hope you can make it,” Shirley ran a hand down his jacket arm, cheeks tinged pink.

“It would be a pleasure to attend and meet John,” he said, reminding her of her husband.

Hannibal, who didn’t care for societal conventions, certainly didn’t care for her wish to cheat on her husband. Regardless, he had no compunction to respond to her desires. He wasn’t attracted to this woman. Even if he was, none-male or female- compared to his Will. Hannibal simply didn’t want another sexually. Furthermore, he would rather chop off his own arm than psychologically harm his beloved, by betraying him in such a manner.

Shirley’s grimace was quickly masked by a sickly smile.

“Of course, he would be delighted. Will should be finishing up his lecture now.”

“Great to see you again. That dress you’re wearing suits you. Very elegant.”

He stayed long enough for her to appraise him with a shocked but pleased look, before continuing down the corridor.

See, Will easy as that. Compliment them and they’ll be amenable for potential future manipulation.

One of Will’s greatest ironies, to Hannibal was that, in his introverted nature, he failed to notice the attentions others gave to his good looks. Hannibal recognised that the occasional lust directed at him could be used to his advantage, Alana being a key example. Will, who only had one long term relationship before himself, could have engaged in a series of

relationships, with such personal aesthetics. However, his very nature forbade such a life, to Hannibal's advantage.

Warmth settled in his being as he continued down the hall, before turning right. Not that it mattered if Will had engaged in relationships with hundreds of people. Hannibal had released him from Molly and Walter, and he'd have released him from others as well, to discover his true nature, his need to be with himself.

He reached the double doors leading to lecture room two and stepped onto the smoother varnished floor inside, raising his eyebrows at the spectacle before him.

A tall man had Will pinned against the wall to the left of the projector screen by his wrists, larger body pressed up against the smaller man's.

Hannibal froze, intrigued as to how Will was going to release himself from such a horrific predicament.

"I'm warning you, William-" Will affected his Clarence accent.

"Stop fighting me, gorgeous. I know you want me inside you."

"I said get off me!" Will forced his hands down and brought this other man's wrist to his mouth, causing the other man to scream.

"Let go!" The man said, pressing down on Will's head.

That's my Will.

Will pulled away, teeth bloody.

"You sick freak!" The man pulled away, cradling his now bloodied wrist.

"What's going on here?" Hannibal asked.

Both spun around, both bearing initial stunned countenances, before Will's softened. The other man's hardened.

"The famous Lukas, I suppose? Your husband bit me!"

Hannibal now had a fair idea as to what had occurred with Will in the past two days, the 'bit of trouble' he had earlier been referring to. He would be elated for this man to understand the true nature of the one he had been harassing. However, this wasn't his decision to make.

"Shall we match your assault against Clarence's?" Hannibal moved further into the theatre. "We can go to the police station now and make an official complaint. I'm sure both the police and faculty staff would be interested in hearing about new staff sexually harassing a valued other staff member."

All of the blood drained form the man's pockmarked face, exposing his blemishes in sharp contrast.

“I would suggest you leave, while I discuss with my husband this… situation,” Hannibal gave the other an icy stare.

“Yes, we will discuss this… situation…” The man shot Will a lustful once over, before exiting the room and slamming the double doors shut.

Will released a deep exhale, his jaw trembling.

“I would suggest you take the rest of the day off, as I have,” Hannibal said.

“Yeah, I think so too,” Will said.

*

Will waited until after they’d both arrived home in their respective cars and closed the door behind themselves, before confiding.

“Drink,” he said, walking up to the drinks cabinet and removing the whiskey bottle, pouring himself and Hannibal a shot each and handing a tumbler to his lover.

“What did he do to you?” Hannibal asked.

Will shrugged, took a sip of his drink. “It wasn’t too bad…”

“Will…” Hannibal sighed. “I just came in on him forcing himself onto you.”

Will contemplated the amber liquid, as though it would provide the answers he sought.

“Why did you come to the university?” Will’s gaze now moved to Hannibal. “Think I can’t take care of myself? Don’t trust me? Remember Randall Tier? Hm? I took care of him, didn’t I, after you sent him after me? Remember Tobias Budge? He shot at me. I survived. I can survive a sleazy man.”

“I came to you because I was intrigued as to why you have been acting so skittish of late.”

“Skittish?” Will swallowed the alcohol from the rest of his glass and slammed it down on the surface of the drink’s cabinet, spilling the liquid over the brim and onto the wood beneath.

“Would it make you feel better that I sought you out at the university out of intrigue or worry?” Hannibal asked.

Upon viewing Hannibal’s concern, Will’s clear anger deflated.

“I know you care, Hannibal. Ironic as it is. I just…” He walked over to the lounge and sat down, folding his arms. “I enjoy our little set up here. The dogs, the river… even my job. I’ve made friends. I can’t afford for it to all fall apart. Will Graham would deal with the situation better than Clarence the lecturer would.”

Hannibal sat next to him and unfolded his arms to take his hand.

“What would Will Graham do?”

Will’s lips upturned in a cold smirk. “Will Graham would have torn out the sleaze’s throat with his teeth the moment he laid a hand on him. Look, it wasn’t…he’s… interested. And I can’t find a way to shut him down. Keeps asking me out. Finding excuses to touch me.”

“Touch you?” Hannibal rubbed his thumb up and down the back of his hand.

“Sounds so ridiculous. Harass me… At first it was innocuous. ‘You’ve got something in your hair, on your shirt.’ And then it just got worse.”

He paused. Hannibal squeezed his hand harder.

“Some of our own victims have made the same kinds of comments. But then I am always in control.”

“Did he threaten to rape you?” Hannibal’s brows drew in together.

“Not exactly… it was more words. How much he wants to fuck me. That kind of thing.”

Hannibal took a moment to process what he was being told. “Will this is not ridiculous at all. This is a predator we’re dealing with, here.”

“I know, but he’s not-“

“Not what? Not a murderer? How far will he take it? He has already progressed to sexual assault. Yes, Will what he did to you today does count as sexual assault.”

Will laughed. “He’s not going to try rape me.”

“Why wouldn’t he? What would stop him? Answer me this. You have been sending him clear instructions to back off, haven’t you? This hasn’t stopped him from harassing you. I would warrant he has become bolder in his attentions.”

“As you did,” Will’s mouth twisted in a macabre half grin.

“Yes, I would argue my form of harassment was more gentile, as is my modus operandi.”

Will flung his head back and rolled his eyes. “It’s great you have such high esteem, Hannibal.”

Hannibal swirled his tongue over his lips, gaze wandering over Will’s neck, teeth resisting the urge to bite into his adam’s apple.

“We have been looking for a new one to hunt…”

Will tilted his neck forward again before shaking his head. “This is why I didn’t want you to hear about this. I knew you would say that! He’s not a murderer, Hannibal.”

“So, we’re drawing the line at murder and not rape. I understand. Because there would be other victims, I’m certain of it. And he would certainly have pushed as far as he could with them as well.”

“You honestly believe he’s a rapist?” Will frowned.

“We should at least look into his past, to find out more.”

“I guess you’re right.”

“I *know* I’m right.”

Will leaned forward and nuzzled his cheek. “If there are other victims I want to know about it. I don’t like the idea of him harassing anyone else.”

“I don’t like the idea of him harassing you now.”

“Well, hopefully the rabid bite I gave him will ease him off, for now.”

“Maybe… or maybe it will only make him worse. You managed to break his manipulation. In his pride, he may be even worse with his affections.”

Will exhaled a deep, trembling breath. “Bring it on.”

The vehement expression twisting Will’s refined features caused an instant effect on Hannibal’s cock, rising it to attention. He pushed Will back onto the couch, tearing down his pants and underwear to suck and lick and bite until he was also at attention.

“Lube… lube…” Will fumbled his hand around under the couch where they’d thrown it last, as his other tugged at Hannibal’s hair. Locating the tube, he brought it up in triumph and Hannibal tore it out of his hand.

As he once more continued his attentions on Will’s erection, sliding his lubed fingers inside him, Will grabbed his shirt and tore, the buttons popping from the effort.

Oh you naughty man.

Hannibal crawled up his stomach and chest to reach his delectable head, as he removed his now torn shirt from himself.

“That cost three hundred dollars.”

“I know,” Will smiled. “But you look better without it.”

“As do you,” Hannibal said, tearing the buttons of Will’s less expensive shirt and throwing the torn attire to the ground, before using his legs to kick Will’s boxers and trousers off, as Will’s teeth dug into his neck, drawing blood, his own hands tugging Hannibal’s trousers and boxers down. Hannibal kicked them off and ravaged Will’s mouth, jerking at his cock, as his fingers resumed back inside him, twisting and preparing him for a much bigger entrance, pressing up against the nub inside him to relish his moans.

“Damn, fuck me now,” Will enfolded his legs around his waist.

Hannibal slid into him and moved fast, stroking his hand on Will’s erection in time with his plundering cock, fingernails scratching, teeth biting soft flesh, as Will’s own teeth created purple marks along his collar bone.

Will was the first to come, flinging his head back and moaning, spurting his semen between them. Hannibal allowed the resultant pulsing around his cock to pull him in even further, alternatively contracting and tightening, slamming his own orgasm into him with such force a loud scream issued from his larynx.

“Will!”

He pulled his partner to him, aligning their bodies together, in an attempt to be inside him as far as possible, as his semen spurted, in his mind imagining it travelling further up into his body, to move around to his digestive system and out into the blood stream, permeating every cell of every organ. Still panting, he lowered Will back onto the couch without breaking his tight hold.

“Woh loosen up there. Breathing is not optional for me,” Will laughed.

Hannibal did as he bid, pecking his lips as he slid out of the tight opening.

“Now we’re both adequately sated, should we shower? And then we can do some research into my esteemed colleague,” Will ran his fingers through Hannibal’s chest hair.

“Sounds a good plan to me,” Hannibal said, pecking his lips once more, before rising up and holding his hand out, to take Will off the couch and into the bathroom.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Thanks again to all who are reading! :)
Warning this chapter contains severe sexual harassment and attempted assault

Upon arriving at the university, Will stayed in his parked car for ten minutes, telling himself that the wild tattoo of his heart, combined with his sympathetic nervous system's sudden desire for hyperventilation, was not in any way associated with William the Sleaze.

Just breathe. Breathe. That's it. In. Out. In. Out. Slow. Down. Breaths.

With both his pulse and breath lowering to a tolerable level, he departed his vehicle, crossed the gravelled carpark and continued into the university's wide halls, where he battled through a throng of equally harried students on their way to class. When the familiar deep voice calling out his name didn't reach his tympanics, nor the tall, pockfaced man come into range of his optics, he told himself that the relief coursing through his system was also not associated in any way with his sexual harasser.

Reaching the double doors of lecture hall 2, he pushed them open and stepped into the class, to the students already seated inside, chattering amongst themselves. Forcing a smile, he dropped his bag down behind the lecture podium, retrieving his usb from inside.

"Sorry, traffic was terrible on the way here," he explained.

The students murmured noncommittal responses, causing Will to inwardly chuckle with mirth. Though half a dozen of his students were keen on the subject, the majority of others took the class as an elective and thus weren't too bothered to display any enthusiasm. Sarah sat, as usual, at attention in the front row, with her equally attentive friends. From the blush of her cheeks whenever he conversed with her, he suspected her interest in the subject was likely influenced more by her slight crush on the professor, than an inquiring mind. He didn't mind, in fact found the scenario flattering. Her attention was cute, if not misguided.

William on the other hand…

No, he wasn't going to consider his slimy co-worker. Predator? To some level. However, considering the men and women he had profiled throughout his career, William was small change compared to the multimillion investments of the true violent offenders of his and Hannibal's acquaintance.

(*Then why did your skin crawl before he even started his sexual harassment campaign against you?)*

Hannibal obviously was aware something was wrong but, even in his genius, hadn't worked out what. Will intended to keep it that way.

Because it's not a big deal. I can handle this. This isn't a murderer. This isn't one who gets his kicks off the ultimate of degradation. He wants control, yes, but on a smaller level.

"Professor Ainsley?" Sarah said.

Will blinked, realising he'd been standing at the podium staring down at the usb for a good thirty seconds, deep in thought.

"Ah yes, sorry," Will put on his glasses and placed the usb in the laptop situated on top of the podium, accessing his latest powerpoint presentation.

*

As the slamming doors indicated the last of the leaving students, Will ejected the usb out of the laptop.

So that's one lecture down for the day. Time for morning tea.

As the doors creaked open and closed, he bent down to shove the tiny item into the small interior pocket of his rucksack, paying no attention and figuring the interloper to be a student rushing back to collect an item they had left behind.

"Now, that's a nice angle."

His brain recognised the deep voice and told his stomach muscles to flutter uncomfortably. With deliberate effort, Will lengthened his spine, to look his harasser in the eye.

That's it, don't let him think he's affecting you.

"I already told you, William. If you continue with this harassment…" Will took off his glasses and placed them down on the podium surface.

"What?" William's languid stroll spoke to his confidence in his control of the situation. "Report me? For a bit of fun?"

"This hasn't been fun for me," Will said.

"You'll come around," William reached his hand out towards his hair.

Gritting his teeth, Will stepped back.

"Come for a drink with me," William insisted.

"I wouldn't have a drink with you if we were the only two people on earth. Does that answer your question?"

What is it going to take for him to-?

When William grabbed him by his shoulders and shoved him back against the wall, pressing his torso against his, Will inwardly cursed. He should have been anticipating this attack. This only proved to himself how far he had fallen from his psychologically attuned skillset.

“Get off me!” Will shouted, the erection digging into his stomach causing the fluttering of his stomach to increase to sharp winged butterflies pummelling his internal linings. One of William’s hands held his own up by the wrists against the wall, the other, to his horror, was gripping his chin, his stale breath hot against his face. “One kiss… just one…”

“I’m warning you, William,” Will shook his head in a futile attempt to free himself.

“Stop fighting me, gorgeous. I know you want me inside you.”

Fury exploded in Will’s veins, pouring adrenaline from his adrenal medulla and flooding his muscles, lending him the strength to tear his arms free and dig his teeth deep into William’s wrist.

“Let go!” William ordered.

Will pulled away, the sight of the deep teeth marks lacerating William’s flesh a victory to his beleaguered system.

“What’s going on here?”

Jolting with alarm, Will spun around to face the doorway.

Hannibal.

Over protective, obsessive Hannibal had been determined to discover the truth

Now he had it.

*

Jeffrey Squire, decorated police officer, had been a pillar of his community; including a wife who was a cherished librarian and two daughters who had all attended prestigious universities, only to come back and help out their local town, engaged in the charity to help the homeless their parents had set up ten years before. He even volunteered on a suicide hotline, such was his outward devotion to his fellow man.

As with all who piqued Hannibal and Will’s interest, Jeffrey had also enjoyed an interesting side activity; namely the vicious torturing of his fellow humans. In keeping with the majority of serial predators, he chose ones who wouldn’t be missed; the homeless, the mentally ill. All bore the same physical characteristics, however; tall curly haired men around the age of twenty-five.

The same age of his firstborn son when he drowned himself in his own bathtub.

Will was always disappointed when the psychology behind the crime was so simple, even down to the fact none of the victims bore signs of sexual assault or battery but all had been

drowned in bathtubs until unconsciousness, awakened and then drowned again. Jeffrey would repeat the process until bored of his victims, whence he would drown them until death.

The local police had not even made the connection between the victims, marking them all off as suicides or accidental drownings.

Will and Hannibal, however, did make the connection.

Jeffrey turned out to be valuable in more ways than the blood lust thrill his own torture and murder provided his own stalkers. He was also able to provide them with information on how to access valuable police databases.

Hannibal utilised this knowledge now, using an encrypted password and username to search for any criminal information on Will's abuser. Sated from their frisky lovemaking and now also clean, Will came out of the shower, towel wrapped around his naked waist.

"Will…Take a look at this."

Intrigued, Will pulled up a chair to sit next to Hannibal.

A man's mugshot displayed on the laptop screen.

William's doppelganger.

Only, the name at the bottom of the mugshot wasn't William, it was Thomas Embers.

"Thomas Embers?" Will queried.

"Ex phys ed high school teacher in a small school in Wales," Hannibal said. "Was brought up on charges for raping three of his male students. Well, the three who were willing to come forward. He spent three years in prison, then was released and changed his name."

Oh god…

Will clutched at his abdomen, as nausea rolled the acid around inside in virulent waves, threatening to erupt back up his oesophagus.

"I'm a damned profiler! Why didn't I see this?" Will moaned.

"Because you didn't want to."

Will stared at Hannibal, stunned by his implication that he would deliberately close his mind to any clues leading to a man who would rape his own students.

"What do you mean I didn't want to?"

Hannibal sighed, ran a hand down his arm. Irritated, Will jolted away.

No, Hannibal, you don't get to do this. You don't get to say such a horrific statement and then be all tactile with me.

“You wanted the life of the cute bespectacled lecturer, as you always have. The one with the lecturer friends who have dinner parties once a week. If one of the new employees turn out to be sexually harassive well, that’s accepted in society isn’t it?”

Will gaped, his mind whirling at Hannibal displaying such a lack of tact in regards to such a serious subject.

“*Accepted*? I’d hardly say-“

“It’s a form of predatory behaviour that’s so unfortunately prevalent that you, in your need to fit in with your fake life, told yourself it was acceptable, because it’s not as though he’s an actual killer, is he? It’s not as though he was brutal in his attempts to harm you, as with your usual victims towards *their* own victims. You have separated your two lives so well, Will, made such a clean slice straight through the centre. Brutality and victimisation on one side and the comfort of your lectures and your friends on the other. They blurred with this man, this William, but you were so determined to hold onto your existence at the university, that you deliberately blocked out your keen usual keen instincts as a profiler… and as a deviant.”

As Hannibal spoke, Will had clenched his fists, his larynx spasming from his urge to scream that Hannibal, who had such keen insight into human psychology, was wrong; he didn’t have as large a grasp on Will’s mind as he presumed. However, as Hannibal continued, his fingers released, his throat muscles loosened.

“Oh my god, I’ve been such an idiot,” Will bent his head forward to clutch his skull.

“No, not an idiot. You want to be included, to be part of the social herd. You are no different from any other human, other than a psychopath,” he ended on a laconic note.

Will looked up, tears burning his eyelids. “I can’t do it, can I? I can’t have both.”

“You can have both. You’ve had both for two years now.”

Will took Hannibal’s hand. “And now this predator comes along to my work, directly harasses me. What are the chances?”

“Well, there is a psychological theory that we subconsciously set up situations to play out. Hence, one who has been abused in the past, will seek out subconsciously other abusive relationships.”

“I’ve never been psychologically abused and yet I still sought out you.”

“Do I abuse you? Have I ever once we invested in this relationship?”

“No, I can’t say you… You give me everything I want… It’s only *slightly* pathetic,” he forced his lips up into a tired smile.

Hannibal gently tilted his chin towards his, pecking his lips. “Because I love you and only you. And I wish for you to stay.”

“What if I didn’t want to murder with you?”

Hannibal's own lips now flicked. 'I don't think that's going to happen, do you? If it did, I would hand myself in again to the authorities. I would let you escape."

Will studied Hannibal intently, taking in the intelligent features, always so open with him, the brown irises, easily duplicitous when it came to whatever emotion he wished to convey to others, had never lied to Will, since they chose to be life partners. Hannibal took Will as he was, loved him in both his blood lust as well as his need for sanctuary, was not daunted by Will's occasional trepidation over their bizarre relationship.

What do you give Hannibal in return?

"I do want to be with you," Will said, trailing a finger down Hannibal's cheek. "I couldn't be with anyone else."

Hannibal took his hand and kissed the back, his smile lighting his visage to beyond its usual handsomeness.

"I've been so immersed in the role as Clarence, you're right. I have successfully pushed down more valuable aspects of Will Graham when I'm him," he straightened his spine and swallowed.

So, this asshole likes to rape teenagers does he? There will be more victims. Of that, I have no doubt.

"No more. Tomorrow, the hunter becomes the hunted."

Hannibal's bodily reaction to Will's proclamation was sudden and obvious, pronounced under the cloth of his trousers.

"Hm… now that is interesting…" Will said, unzipping Hannibal's trousers and gripping his erection, stroking it as he continued to talk. "I don't want to kill him, though some would argue he deserves death. Tomorrow, I'll take him out to a bar. He wants a date. He'll get a date of sorts. I'll slip something into his drink and take him back to ours. Then we'll have our fun."

Hannibal moaned, so Will stroked harder. "What do you have in mind?" A line of sweat dotted Hannibal's hair line.

"I'm sure we can both come up with ideas tomorrow. Give you something to puzzle over at work."

His hand moved even faster and Hannibal jolted his buttocks up and down in unison.

"That's it, Hannibal, come for me. Come for me," Will said, his own cock growing hard at his lover's pleasure.

In response, Hannibal's groans reached a zenith and his cock jolted in Will's hand, semen covering his hand as well as Hannibal's shirt. Hannibal grabbed Will's hand and drew his tongue along the palm and fingers, licking the flesh clean.

“First, let’s take care of this problem here,” Hannibal slid down to his knees, unzipping Will’s own trousers and boxers and shoving them down, befor bending down to use his talented tongue, mouth and finally throat, to combine Will’s semen with his own.

*

William didn’t seek out Will in his office in the morning.

Maybe he’s not coming in today.

On cue, however, he strolled into the lecture theatre at the end of the first lecture. Will ceased talking, to track the man’s movements to the spare seat in front, noticing the bandage wrapped around his hand.

“As I was saying, if we are to examine the psychology behind the criminal mind, we need to look further beyond their mere upbringing…”

*

As per his tradition, William waited until the last of the students had exited, the doors closing behind them, before turning to Will.

“You shouldn’t have bit me, pretty boy. That was wrong,” for the first time, when he reached out to stroke his hair, despite every fibre protesting, Will allowed the molestation.

“I owe you an apology,” Will deliberately enacted a shy grin, his eyelids flittering down.

“It’s okay, baby,” William’s tone lowered, his hand sliding lower, to trail along the fading bruise of his former love bite. “Husband not satisfying you as much?”

Will shook his head. “He’s not… there for me. He’s so jealous of you. I’m sorry, William. I was scared. My husband can be… terrifying at times.”

William stepped back, brow furrowing, so Will stepped forward into his body space, trailing a hand down his neck. “How about we go on that date. Tonight? The husband doesn’t have to know. Do you know The Grape Vine?”

William nodded, the flesh quivering under Will’s caresses.

“Meet me there at seven.”

William’s lips curled up in a cold smile. This time, when he leaned forward, Will allowed the peck on his own lips, before pulling away. “Later…”

“Damn boy you better watch it, you’re going to get me hard. But yes, later. I’m going to fuck you into the next room.”

Will forced a giggle. “Go. go! I’ll see you tonight.”

William grinned, kissed his forehead and took three steps forward, before turning back, to give him another lascivious once over. “I knew you’d come to my perspective eventually.”

He departed with the slamming of the doors. Will gripped the podium stand so tightly his trembling fingers whitened.

*

Will drummed his fingers on the beer-soaked formica of the table top, checking his mobile again. He and Hannibal had agreed to arrive separately and Hannibal had promised to text, as soon as he arrived in the pub. Due to it being a week night, the bar was quiet, its sole patrons being Will, a ruddy-cheeked regular at the bar and an amorous couple in the darkened corner on the other side to Will.

Come on Hannibal, where are you?

Seven pm came and went. No sign of Hannibal or William. Will took another sip of his coke and smirked, shaking his head. Ironic to be stood up by both his life partner and his prey in the one night.

At 710 his mobile buzzed.

“Hello?” He answered, enacting Clarence’s English accent.

“It’s me gorgeous,” he wasn’t going to question how William managed to grab his number. “I’m sorry I’m late. I parked next to your pinto. You’re not going to believe this but someone’s hit it!”

“What?” Will exclaimed.

Great, just great!

“The entire back is smashed in.”

“Damn it! Alright give me thirty seconds.”

Will slammed his coke down, grabbed his coat off the seat and shrugged it on, before rushing out of the bar, crossing the gravelled car park around the back to…a pristine pinto without any dents or scratches whatsoever. Cursing himself for his stupidity, Will went to step back towards the pub, when an arm grabbed him from behind, dragging him against a solid body, as a cloth soaked in a caustic liquid was shoved over his nose and mouth. Muffling issued from his panicked lips, his panting breath attempting to grant his overwrought lungs life giving oxygen, over whatever toxic substance he was being poisoned with. His mind told him to panic, to struggle and kick, as he was forced back to the car beside his own, the back door slamming open so hard he was surprised it didn’t fly off its hinges.

No, no keep in control, keep in control.

“Think I believe your little act this morning? I know you were lying, you stupid bitch,” William said, throwing him down onto his stomach on the back seat of the vehicle. “You’re

gonna get fucked, right now, on this back seat, until you bleed, until your ass is filled with my come."

The words caused Will to struggle further, to force more of the poison into his lungs, causing his mind to go hazy, his limbs to grow weak.

Stop struggling or you'll go unconscious!

"When you wake up, you'll be in my house, tied to my bed and servicing my cock," he tore off Will's coat then rubbed his erection against the back of Will's jeans. "I'm gonna fuck you over and over."

With great effort, Will forced himself to be still.

"Good, good boy," One of William's hands stroked his hair, while the other unbuckled his belt, shoving his jeans and underwear down, before he removed the cloth from his mouth. Will took a deep, satiating intake of oxygen, providing blessed relief to his lungs. "Now that is one sweet ass." A sharp slap to his right buttock caused him to flinch. "Can't wait to get inside it." William's heavy body then rested on his, the sound of a zipper being undone loud in the confined space.

Oh god no no please

"Please no…" Will begged.

"Shut up! I know you want it!" The erection nestled above the grove of his buttocks, fingers inching across… "Let's feel how tight-"

The fingers reached the groove of his buttocks, determined to enter where only Hannibal had ever been allowed, where Will had willingly and lovingly bequeathed his vulnerability and trust.

Now, a predator was attempting to brutally tear apart all that he had built with his lover, to shred his own soul, merely to fulfill his own twisted demand for the ultimate domination and shame of another.

No no no no

With one last ounce of adrenaline cursing through his system to cease William from digitally and anally raping him, Will slammed his head back, a satisfying crack, followed by a cry of pain, pleasing his eardrums. Forcing himself up and over, he gripped his hands around William's neck, applying pressure, squeezing tight, as tight as he was able in his weakened state. William's now mishappen nose was bleeding freely, his tongue lolling out of his mouth, hands reaching up on instinct to attempt to tear Will's fingers away. Will forced himself to squeeze tighter. William's face went from red to purple, his entire being jolting, before he fell forward on top of Will.

"Will!"

Hannibal's voice sounded.

Too late, Hannibal. Too damned late.

Will succumbed to unconsciousness.

*

When he awoke in his own bed, it was tempting to believe the events of the past hour had been a horrific nightmare. Will moaned, rolling onto his side. The still sluggish movements of his limbs confirmed the worst. The events had occurred. William had tried to rape him.

Footsteps sounded outside the door and he tensed, then relaxed, as Hannibal stepped in.

"Will, you're awake. I have tested the substance on the cloth he used to try and sedate you. Chloroform. Of course, it doesn't work the way it does in the movies. Lucky for you, he used enough to weaken you and certainly not enough to burn your lungs, oesophagus and larynx."

"Oh god…" Will ran a trembling hand through his hair.

So, he could have been burned and raped, and kept as a potential sexual slave in one night.

"Where is he?" Will asked.

"He is here. I have sedated him and tied him up in our fun room."

Fun room. Fun room for a man who just tried to…

"Will… how are you?" Hannibal sat down on the edge of the bed.

Will laughed. "Oh, I'm great, Hannibal! I don't at all think I'm an idiot for falling for the biggest trick in the book, the old 'your car is damaged' trick. I'm fine and dandy with the fact he was trying to rape me when I somehow managed to overcome him. God what an idiot!" He slammed the bed covers. "I should have told you! You knew what kind of predator he was. I'm so out of practise. You were right. I'm so into this other life I completely sublimated my own natural instincts and was almost raped as a result!"

"No, you're no idiot, Will. Far from it."

Will blinked, tears running down his cheeks. Why not? Why not indeed? Hoarse sobs erupted from his lips. Warmth surrounded him, as Hannibal wrapped his arms around him in a tight embrace.

"He could have… he told me he was going to take me to his, tie me to the bed and… when we do it it's not…I enjoy it…"

"Because when we do it, you are completely in control. You know I'll stop whenever you want."

Will pulled back, to look Hannibal in the eyes. "Before, when I told you I wanted you to rape me. I don't want it at all. Not even in the worst of my need to punish myself. It was terrible

tonight. Even with his hands all over my body, even the thought that he was trying to… I've learned the difference now between an abstract concept and reality."

"I wish you didn't have to," Hannibal said, stroking his hair. "I wish it didn't occur this way."

Will gripped him tighter, burying his face in his chest.

"I saw what was happening," Hannibal said. "I rushed over, but by the time I reached the car you were already strangling him. It took great control not to murder him right there," he paused. "Will, I need to know what he did to you?"

"He didn't… He wanted to. Told me he was going to. But he…" Will's voice shook. "When he tried to put his fingers… inside me I managed to break his nose with the back of my head. That stopped him."

Hannibal's fingers froze in his hair.

"So, he didn't digitally rape you?"

"No, but it was still… it was still so terrible…" The trembles now sprouted out to include his arms, legs and even jaw. "I'm sorry I ever even considered you hurting me in such a way."

"You're okay, my Will is okay," the fingers resumed their caresses, before his face brushed against the back of his head, smacking noises issuing from his mouth, as he kissed his curls. "My compassion for you is such an inconvenience at times, it's true," relief sounded in Hannibal's voice.

"We really didn't plan this well, did we?"

"I'm so sorry Will. I was late. Something came up that I did not anticipate."

Will allowed the tears to taper off. Whatever this 'something came up' was, it had to be very important indeed, to delay Hannibal. He moved his head from Hannibal's chest, allowing Hannibal to wipe the tears from his cheeks with the pads of his fingers.

"He was following me. I had to take care of him first. You turned out to be right. You didn't imagine him after all."

"Who?" Will asked.

"Will you be okay to walk?"

Will nodded and pulled the covers back, noticing for the first time that Hannibal had changed him out of his clothes and into his pajamas.

"Where did you put my clothes from tonight?" He asked, sitting and then standing up, lightheaded but also firm footed.

"They are in a plastic bag, until you decide what you want done with them."

“Burn them. I don’t want to touch them again.”

“As you wish,” Hannibal said, walking ahead of him down the hall towards the dining room.

Will stepped into the kitchen, his mouth flung open, at Jack Crawford seated at his dining table, sipping on a glass of wine.

Tbc…

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Thanks to all who are reading :)
Hoping to finish this in a chapter or two

Jack was not even trying with his disguise. A hat and sunglasses? Laughable. Clearly, he'd been watching too many of those James Bond films Will professed to hate but found a way to watch every time they were on television. Hannibal, who had been bemused by the sight of the profiler lurking around the art gallery earlier that afternoon, had declined to inform Will when he arrived home. His beloved had more pressing issues than a former friend making his unwanted presence known.

Pressing issues such as a sexual predator who had marked Will as a potential victim.

Not today, my friend. Today, Will takes the power back.

Hannibal waited the allotted two minutes after Will left the house, before stepping out the front door, to notice another parking behind his vehicle, Jack clambering out, determined expression steeling his already flint dark irises.

"I'm in a rush, Jack."

"Another victim, I suppose?" Jack asked.

Hannibal gripped his satchel he'd slung around his shoulder tighter, ready to pull out the already prepped syringe, a backup; in case Will's planned spiking of his abuser's drink didn't occur.

"Jack…" He shook his head. "Each time you go against me you end up not the victor. Every time. I suggest you leave."

He pointedly looked down to at Jack's abdomen, which would still bear the scar of the former time Jack had visited them in London. Hannibal had overcome him and removed his right kidney. Will had refused to partake in that particular delicate offering.

"I have no intention of leaving," Jack said, folding his arms.

"Then I'll be forced to drug you."

"Where's Will?"

Hannibal laughed. “If it’s your intention to hand us in, do you think I’ll tell you? Arrest me if you dare but Will goes free.”

“I have no intention of handing you two in,” Jack’s voice lowered.

“I suppose not or we’d already be arrested, wouldn’t we?”

The two men’s eyes locked, brown on brown, the years of history thick between them.

“I’ll move my car,” Jack said, eyelids flittering to the ground. “How long will you be?”

“Not long,” Hannibal replied. “Go on in, mind Will’s dogs,” (a flicker of a smile graced Jack’s stern visage). “And do help yourself to our wine. I recommend the cab sav.”

*

Hannibal drove into the car park, to witness a struggle in the vehicle beside Will’s pinto. Instinct informing him this had to be Will and his abuser, Hannibal rushed out of his car, to come upon Will and William tussling in the back seat, William (Hannibal’s hands shook with fury) lay on top of his partner, choking sounds emitting from his throat. Will, facing him with flushed cheeks, lips pulled back and delicate features scrunched in a feral expression, had both hands wrapped tight around his attacker’s throat.

Hannibal’s heart, always so calm, so steady at maximum sixty beats a minute, usually sitting at forty, now upraised to seventy, eighty, nighty, one hundred beats. *Thump thump*

thumpthumpthumpthump

William’s belt was loose, pants pulled down to reveal the top of his buttocks.

One hundred and ten one hundred and twenty

“Will!” Hannibal cried out, as Will’s eyelids closed, his hands releasing, as William collapsed on top of him.

With disgust, Hannibal pushed the other man off his partner.

No… Will…

Not only were William’s trousers undone and now down to his knees, his piddling erection was free of its confines. Worse, Will-

Hannibal’s intestines clenching, his heart loud and fast, sliding up to slam against the flesh of his neck, was a unique experience for himself. He was always in control, never experienced the signs of anxiety his clients had so often described.

Until Will became his.

Will’s own trousers and pants were pulled right down to his ankles.

Thumpthumpthump..thumpthumptuhumpthumpthump his pulse thumping so hard it was sure to burst out of his jugular.

Hannibal kicked Will's attacker hard in the ribs, satisfied with the cracking noise of a fracture. This is my fault, he told himself, as he pulled Will's underwear and trousers up, visually inspecting the flesh, which bore no contusions or bleeding to indicate forced penetration. However, Hannibal couldn't be certain Will wasn't sexually assaulted in some fashion.

"If he hurt you…" He brushed the hair from Will's forehead, noticing the cloth on the back floor, the smell of chloroform, as he bent closer, permeating his nostrils. "It's okay…" He kissed Will's forehead. "You're safe with me."

Will remained unconscious. Lying him down in the back seat of Hannibal's own car to rest, Hannibal trundled William into the passenger side and did up the belt, before taking out the prepped syringe and jabbing him. He wasn't going to take any chances. Correctly figuring William's weight, this would give him two hours before he awoke.

*

When Hannibal came into their cottage's foyer, carrying the still unconscious Will, Jack stood in the archway separating the dining from the lounge room, glass of wine in hand. The lack of dogs in the house indicated Jack had managed to lure them outside, a fete only Will was usually able to achieve.

"What happened?" Jack said, his concern clear in his tone.

Ignoring him, Hannibal continued carrying Will down the hall to their bedroom. Within seconds, Jack was in the doorway, sans drink.

"The one who did this to him is unconscious in my car outside. I'll pick up Will's later," Hannibal said, laying Will down on the bed and taking his pulse, which was strong and steady. "His attacker placed a cloth doused with chloroform over his mouth and nose to knock him out. Luckily it wasn't at the level to cause any damage to his inner viscera."

Jack was by now kneeling by Will's bedside. "Is he going to be okay?"

"Can I trust you to keep an eye on him, while I bring his attacker into the house?"

"Hannibal, what happened here?"

"Suspected sexual assault," Hannibal said, gravely.

"Will…" Jack whispered, cheeks turning ashen. "Oh my god."

"So, I can trust you?"

Jack turned back to face him. "What are you going to do, Hannibal?"

Hannibal raised a brow. “I am going to bring him into the house, and place him in the basement, tied up. From there, I will wait for Will to awaken, where the three of us will work out what we are doing.”

“No murder tonight, Hannibal.”

“No murder.”

Of course, neither believed Hannibal’s promise.

*

Hannibal returned to the car, picked the odious man up in his arms, and rushed him inside, wanting him out of his hands as soon as possible, so he could attend to Will. Grunting more with disgust over effort, he took him down into the basement and dumped him on the ground by the incinerator, tying his hands with rope before hurrying back up the stairs, slamming and locking the door behind himself. Not his most efficient luring of one to the basement room but he had more important matters to attend to.

Will…

As Hannibal returned to the room, Jack stood and moved towards the door. On the bed, Will was moaning.

“Seems he’s waking up. Hannibal…”

Hannibal now replaced Jack, in kneeling by Will’s beside, brushing his hair behind his ear.

“Allow me to talk to him, alone, Jack,” Hannibal said, as Will again moaned, his eyelids fluttering. “Return to the dining room, to your wine. I will bring him in, when he’s ready.”

“You need to tell me what happened tonight.”

“I will, we both will. Please, Jack.,” he spun around to him.

Jack’s dark eyes drifted down to Will, before he breathed out of his nose, his face softening.

“I’ll be in the dining room, partaking in your fine wine.”

*

When Will and Hannibal entered the room, Will reacted with the right level of confusion and shock his lover had predicted.

“Will…” Jack placed his wine glass down and stood up.

“Jack! What are you doing here?” Will asked, coming further into the room.

“Are you okay? Hannibal told me you were chloroformed.”

Will’s adam’s apple bobbed as he swallowed, his cheeks tinged pink.

“Do you need a hospital?” Jack asked.

“No, *physically*, he’s fine,” Hannibal said.

“I am fine!” Will insisted. “Why are you here, Jack? Is this a friendly visit or-?” He pulled out the chair perpendicular to him and sat.

“What happened tonight, Will? Hannibal informs me you were attacked by a man currently presiding in your basement?” Jack also sat back down.

“Really stuck on this, aren’t we?” Will rubbed his eyes, as Hannibal sat in the chair beside him, placing his arm across the back of his partner’s chair.

“Oh, I don’t know, Will, perhaps learning that my friend has been attacked and potentially sexually assaulted by a maniac he and his partner then kidnapped-“ Jack began.

“He didn’t rape me!” A note of hysteria rose in Will’s voice.

Jack took another sip of wine. “I’ve been following your… extra-curricular activities-“

“This one wasn’t one of our... one of ours…” Will said. “He was another professor at the university… who targeted me for sexual harassment…”

Jack bit his lip, taking in the information, before nodding.

“I… We decided that if I gave in to his constant asking me out for a date, I’ll lure him to a pub and drug his drink before bringing him here. Only *he* lured *me* outside by calling me and telling me my car had been smashed-“

Jack’s eyebrows shot up. “Car had been smashed?”

“Yes, it was an idiotic ploy to fall for! I’m out of practice! My mind, usually so keen, so good at analysing the worst of predators failed to act when it was needed the most!”

“It’s okay, Will. Breathe, just breathe,” Jack said.

“So yes, he shoved a rag of chloroform over my nose and mouth and then tried to rape me in the back seat of his car. Not exactly the romantic gesture the old love songs make it out to be,” Will’s lips lifted in a glacial smile.

“Will that’s truly terrible,” Jack said shaking his head.

Will shrugged, tears pooling in his eyelids but not falling.

“So, why are you here, Jack?” Hannibal asked, moving his arm now to wrap around Will’s shoulders, hand stroking his arm. Will, in exchange, leaned in towards him, placing a firm hand on his thigh.

“You know I’ve been following you two, following your… adventures,” Jack said.

“We would be disappointed if you didn’t,” Hannibal remarked.

“Two Scotland yard detectives have been putting it all together. Yes, you have been careful, but these two are smart, making connections that would impress even you, Will. They’re close, very close.”

“What do you mean?” Will asked.

“I’m here because they asked for me, specifically, asked for my expertise in such manners. They shared with me all of their information. Even down to the fact they’re convinced there are *two* killers in these vigilante serial murders and that there was a high possibility they work in academia.”

Will pursed his lips and let out a whistling exhale. “I knew it was coming…we had a good run here, didn’t we, Hannibal? But Jack, did you have to tell me tonight, of all nights?” He held up his hand to reveal a slight tremble. “I’m not in the best shape, psychologically.”

“I came here to warn you.”

“That you’ve already informed the authorities about us?” Will asked.

Jack furrowed his brow, taking another long, considered sip of his wine.

“No,” Hannibal said. “If he had we’d already be arrested.”

Jack didn’t respond. Both Hannibal and Will waited for Jack to translate the conflicted mutterings of his brain to speech.

“The ones they are aware of…George Barkly, Roger Severs, Clint Mcintosh. The list goes on…” His turned his pained, scrunched up visage towards Hannibal. “Will has had such a distinct influence on who you now choose as victims. The violence they bestowed on their own victims…There’s no capital punishment here in the UK. But you two have been enacting your own form of justice, haven’t you?”

“I don’t believe in capital punishment,” Will said, quietly. “I don’t believe we should give our government that much power.”

Jack laughed. “Well I do. Some people… no, monsters, deserve to not be in society.”

“I was almost given a death sentence, if you’ll remember!” Will snapped.

“Yes, the irony of that,” Jack’s lips quirked. “So, no I haven’t told them about you… yet. Maybe it goes against my work as a criminal profiler…and I understand the irony of serial killers murdering serial killers but what your victims have done… the horror they have inflicted…”

“I don’t know if it makes it right. Something I struggle with,” Will’s smile was without humour. “Another irony.”

“And that’s why I’m torn on whether to hand you in. Because you’re different from any other serial killer, Will. You have empathy. Of the extremist kind.”

“If we were to introduce you to the man in our basement, will that help you make your mind up?” Hannibal asked.

“What do you plan to do to him?” Jack asked Will, who shrugged.

“Not kill him, if that’s what you’re thinking. He spent three years in prison for raping three teenage boys under his care as a high school teacher. But he hasn’t murdered anyone.”

“Yet…” Jack said. “But then, maybe he never will.”

Will’s blue irises remained on Jack’s a long moment, a spark highlighting a series of vast neuronal connections in his brilliant mind. Hannibal’s own mind exploded with light, at the vision of such intellectual loveliness that was his partner.

“Shall we see if William has awoken yet?” Will asked.

All three stood and moved through the arch and down the hall to the door leading to the basement, where it shuddered on its frame.

“He’s awake,” Hannibal said.

Nodding, Jack took out his gun and held it at the vibrating door.

“Let me out, you assholes!”

“Alright, guess we should see what he wants,” Will said, nodding at Hannibal.

As soon as the door was opened, William sprinted out, barrelling Hannibal aside, before stopping sharply at the gun pointed at his face. His hands, free of the bindings, held up in the air.

“Who the hell are you?” He asked Jack, before the pockmarked visage swiveled to Will. “You are in so much trouble pretty boy. So much trouble.”

“Am I? How does it feel to no longer be in control?” Will folded his arms, not bothering any more with the English accent.

“What is this? You can’t hold me here, this is illegal!”

“Do you know what else is illegal? Trying to rape another human being,” Will said.

“Fuck you!” William spat on the ground, before unzipping his pants and pulling out his unremarkable erect cock, jerking it. “You want this, bitch? What's with the fucking accent? Why are you pretending to be American all of the sudden?”

“Put that away!” Jack commanded.

“You liked it when I was rubbing it all over you, didn’t you? You want me up inside you.”

“Can’t you be a little more creative?” Will asked. “Yes, yes you want to rape me. Only I’ll enjoy it.” He rolled his eyes.

Hannibal laughed.

“Yeah bitch you’re going to take it; you’re going to oh yeah!” William yelled, a shot of thick gloopy semen spilling all over Will’s pyjama top.

Will jumped back. “Oh my god, that’s fucking disgusting! Someone knock this sick son of a bitch out, already.”

Hannibal glanced at Will, who was staring back at William, his bare teeth displaying his continued disgust at the other’s crude actions. His love for his partner in that moment was so deep he would have slashed his wrists for him and allowed him to bathe in the spurting blood, had he asked.

“Of course, my love," Hannibal said.

“That’s it, bitch. That’s just a taste…”

Hannibal allowed the words to drown out, as he moved down the hall and into the bedroom where he’d dropped his doctor’s bag, retrieving a vial of medication, along with a syringe. Whistling as he prepared the sedative, it occurred to him that Will had not rushed to remove the offending pajama top, making him suspect he would use it in whatever plan he was concocting.

Grinning, Hannibal came back into the living room, where the standoff between William, Will and Jack continued. As soon as he saw Hannibal, the man’s eyes widened.

“Oh no you don’t. Don’t you dare come near me with that thing… Don’t you…”

Hannibal grabbed his arm, spun him around and gripped his neck, applying enough pressure to cut off his breathing, before shoving down his pants and injecting the syringe into his upper buttock, unloading the sedative inside. William screamed, kicked and flopped forward, hitting the ground hard.

“His unconsciousness should last around an hour,” Hannibal recapped the syringe.

“What are you going to do, Jack?” Will asked.

“I still haven’t decided…” Jack said.

“Then I would suggest you leave,” Will said. “You can’t be part of this plan, I’m sorry. If you want to call the authorities on us, then do it now.”

Jack placed his weapon back in its holster. “If I make that decision, you’ll have an hour.”

“That’s fine,” Will surprised Hannibal by giving Jack a brotherly embrace, patting each other on each other’s backs.

“Be well, whatever your decision is, is the right one.”

Jack departed down the hall, with Will and Hannibal following. He reached the front foyer, nodded at both and then opened the front door and closed it behind himself.

“We can’t stay here,” Will walked through the archway separating the lounge from the kitchen to the fridge, withdrawing the packed blood they’d taken from their own bodies and kept frozen, for this very eventuality.

“You intend to frame him for our murders,” Hannibal said.

Will nodded. “I thought of it when Jack said William would never-“

Hannibal cut him off with a rough kiss on his succulent lips, their teeth and tongues clanging. By the gods of science, he loved this man.

“Take him to the forest and leave him,” Will’s panting, as they released, was only slight. “He’ll undoubtedly awaken and return to the house. By which time the authorities will arrive. I’ll set up the ‘crime scene’.”

This side of Will, this man of action, determined to focus on what needs to be done, to extract himself and Hannibal from a desperate situation, was having a positive effect on Hannibal’s libido. Ironic to wish to throw Will down and take him right there on the ground, when they didn’t have the time for such sexual hijinks.

“Remember to remove all traces of Jack being here,” Hannibal reminded him, ignoring his own jutting erection.

“What do you think I am, an amateur?” Will asked, pecking Hannibal on his lips.

*

After allowing William his rest in the forest, Hannibal arrived back at the house, to find Will seated out the front, surrounded his dogs. Sammy and Ginger were competing for who could lick his face, as Kloe and Paw Paw barked, panted and rubbed against his thighs. Will was making great effort to distribute even pats and nose rubs across all four mutts. The bags they’d packed months before sat at his feet and he’d changed out of his clothes to jeans, a jumper and a coat.

“Best not to go in there. It’s a crime scene.”

“Is it sufficiently macabre?” Hannibal asked, sitting beside him and patting Kloe, who muzzled her wet nose on his knee.

“Blood everywhere. Cast off from a knife. We’ll need new handcuffs, I tied ours to the bed, with my blood on them, as well as soaked into the mattress. That was where I met my unfortunate demise. You were shot in the bedroom. They’ll find the shell casings on the

ground and your blood where you fell. And my torn shirt, bearing his semen also on the bed. I was raped before I was murdered. How horrific, wouldn't you say?" Will's hand was clammy in his own.

Indeed.

"If I had the capacity to feel chilled, I would be, by the horrific scenario you've set up," Hannibal tucked a stray curl behind his partner's ear, before kissing the lobe. "Such an imagination, my Will."

"You should talk. Shame they'll never find our bodies."

"Probably burned us up in the convenient furnace in the cellar."

"Hm… could be…" Will checked his watch. "It's been an hour. Jack didn't make the call, did he?"

"Guess not."

Will reached into his backpack and grabbed out his gun. "Better make the call, Hannibal."

Hannibal nodded, taking out his mobile phone and calling the emergency services.

"Fire police or ambulance?" The calm voice spoke on the other end of the line.

"Police ambulance please please…" Hannibal enacted a panicked voice.

"What is the address of the emergency?"

"27 Canterbury Way, Bristol, please come quickly…"

"Okay, sir what's happened here?"

"I've arrived home and my partner, Clarence Ainsley he's… he's dead! He's in the bedroom and the blood, there's so much blood," Tears sprouted down Hannibal's cheeks. "Oh god… Clarence!"

"Calm down, sir-"

"William, oh god William, no! Please-" Hannibal's faux panic reached a crescendo.

Will fired three shots into the air and Hannibal hung up the phone, throwing it into Will's satchel.

"Now we're-" He caught Will's weary expression. "What is it?"

"That was disturbingly easy for you."

Hannibal wiped the tears from his cheeks. "I am a psychopath, Will."

"And what if you came home one day and did find me murdered and brutalised?"

Hannibal considered the notion; his Will, beautiful features, usually coloured with emotion, blank and lifeless, limber body marred not by the blood of others but by his own, violated and left to die alone, with no comfort or love from his life partner.

“I would be devastated,” Hannibal admitted, before cupping Will’s jaw in his hands. “I would continue on, yes, but my existence would be but a shadow, as it was before you, as it was in the years in which you denied my existence. Alive but functioning at the basest of levels.”

“And I love you too,” Will said, smiling.

“We should leave,” Hannibal stood up. “Both William and the authorities will be here-“

He swivelled back to pause at the sight before him. Pawpaw and Ginger were licking the tears off Will’s drenched cheeks.

“Will?”

“I know I can’t take them with me but…”

“Your friends will…” He trailed off, as Will now audibly sobbed.

“You don’t understand. You can never understand! I can’t keep rebuilding my life.”

Hannibal sat back down beside him, wrapping his arm around his waist and kissing his hair, relishing in the silken strands. “Life is change for everyone. Will, you *want* this change. I understand it’s painful for you, to leave your comfortable life behind. But it’s ultimately not what you want. You could never do the proverbial white picket fence with two children and a pet rabbit. You have told me this yourself.”

“I’m allowed to be upset about leaving my damned dogs behind, Hannibal without you lecturing me!” Will slammed a frustrated fist against his own knee.

“Of course, I apologise,” Hannibal said.

“No, I’m sorry. You’re right, as usual. I just… I won’t know if they’ll be okay and it frightens me.” He kissed the dog’s fur. “Hannibal…” Hannibal was pulled into his ocean blue irises, sucked into the eyeballs, past the retina to the multiple complicated firings of Will’s incredible mind. “I want to go back to the USA. I know it’s a risk but I miss it. I miss it so much. And, to be honest, I want to leave Clarence fucking Ainsley far behind.”

Hannibal kissed his lightly freckled nose. “We will go wherever you want.”

He stood up and held out his hand.

Will rose and took it, looking back once more at his dogs, at the house he was leaving behind, before nodding back to Hannibal, allowing him to walk him away from their brief sanctuary, as sirens in the background grew closer.

Tbc…

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Thanks to all who are reading :)
Finishing this up in the next chapter.

The train sped out of the dim Eurotunnel, to the greener and brighter pastures of Coquelles, France, causing Will's relieved shoulders to slump. Though the interior trip was less than forty minutes, Will's irritation, kicked up by the claustrophobia of being in the enclosed space, was now deflating, causing a more zen posture, in comparison to his brain, which continued to throb, in painful bursts.

"Better, my love?" Hannibal asked, as they made their way down the stairs leading from the upstairs dining cart to their car, behind a line of other harried people.

"Grand," Will's sarcasm was obvious in his tone. "I love being forced to leave my comfortable life of good friends and my river and dogs behind, to another uncertain future…" He glanced at Hannibal, catching the bemused upcurl of the corner of his top lip. "I'm sorry." They reached the bottom of the stairs and edged, with the crowd, along the edge of the car ramp to the allotted space where they'd parked their vehicle. "I'm not being fair, am I?"

"You have experienced a great change in a short space of time," Hannibal commented. "It's natural for you to be experiencing a wealth of emotion-"

Wealth of emotion? As always, Hannibal displayed his knack for understatement. Perhaps his head was throbbing because his overwrought brain was considering bursting straight out of the bone, to cease the numerous circulating distressed thoughts.

They reached their vehicle and clambered inside, with Hannibal in the driver's seat. Will's mind returned to the scene of their 'murder' hours before. Following their flee from their cottage, they took two hours to walk to Will's vehicle, still parked at the pub, where, in Will's emotional exhaustion, he'd handed Hannibal the keys.

"Can we find a hotel in Calais for the night?" Will clipped on his belt "Seems setting up my own rape and murder was, indeed, exhausting."

Hannibal reached out to stroke Will's hair. Always with the stroking of his damned hair. Will normally wouldn't mind. This time, however, Hannibal's fingers were as nails digging into his already pained brain.

You really are in a mood.

Will allowed the gentle caress, telling himself that this was how loving partners behaved.

“Even with that typical Will Graham frown, you continue to be beautiful and so brave,” Hannibal said.

Loving partners complimented each other often, even murderous ones.

Will pulled away to stare out the window, multicoloured triangles appearing in his vision as he swallowed down building nausea.

And now you’re getting a migraine. Perfect.

Hannibal sighed, as he fired the vehicle’s ignition.

*

“Merci,” Hannibal said and giggled, winking at the overweight man behind the front desk, who had been hanging onto his every articulately spoken French word.

Of course, Hannibal has to charm everyone he meets, while I stand here feeling awkward as hell.

Hannibal took the hotel room key off the man, whose fingers lingered, as though wishing to brush against Hannibal’s own, before releasing.

Back off, fatty.

Will’s forehead furrowed, as he inwardly cursed himself for the sudden streak of protectiveness towards his life partner, aware of his own ridiculousness. Hannibal was playing a role and the concierge had duly acted the admiring audience.

“Alright?” Hannibal asked, walking towards the elevator, with Will alongside him, his feet stomping, over Hannibal’s lighter patter.

You’re tired. Some rest will do you good.

“Let’s just get into the room.”

Of course, Hannibal’s natural charm far outweighed his own and he used it to his advantage; in this case, to obtain an upgrade for a better room, in the already five-star hotel.

Because it always has to be five stars for you, doesn’t it, Hannibal?

Will, who didn’t care what level the hotel was at, as long as the room was clean and serviced, was always willing to play along with Hannibal’s, in his opinion, outrageous sophisticated tastes.

The elevator doors dinged and opened and Will, Hannibal, the bellhop and their two bags squeezed inside. Favouring Will with a leery grin, Hannibal's hand shot out and whacked him hard in the ass. Will jumped, his scowl causing Hannibal's grin to widen.

Incorrigible. Truly incorrigible.

The doors pinged open again and Hannibal weaved his versatile tongue to the delicate stylings of the French language. Will, who spoke no French, allowed the conversation to meld into the background, walking behind to study, with amusement, the bellhop's toadlike visage lighting up, as he conversed with Hannibal.

"Oui! Oui!" The bellhop laughed. Hannibal's own laughter would appear genuine to those listening. However, Will, who knew his partner in every way possible, was aware that this was just another part of his superficially charming act.

Room eighteen. Room nineteen. Room twenty.

Here we are, room twenty-one.

"Merci, beaucoup," Hannibal said, taking the two bags off the bellhop.

The worker nodded, spun on his heel and strolled back down the hall to the elevator, his jolly attitude wiped from his wide features as he passed Will.

"What did you say to him?" Will asked, as Hannibal used the key to unlock the door to their room, swinging it open.

"Just chit chat," Hannibal grinned, throwing the key into a bowl by the door, as he entered.

Will followed him inside, shaking his head at the room's blandness. Five star or four star. Every hotel room appeared the same to him. This one was comprised of separate bedroom and ensuite, featuring a king-sized bed with clean sheets and blankets, and a front room comprised of a television bracketed to the wall, a lounge chair, a dining table and chairs and a kitchenette. The only difference was, this time the bed was four-poster, and included a settee, and the furniture appeared antique, though Will was convinced the pieces were developed in a factory three months before, as opposed to being carefully crafted by a master carpenter three centuries before. Also, the room was four times the normal size, which, to Will, meant more carpet to spill things on and thus forfeit their deposit.

"Your privilege is showing, Hannibal," Will said.

In response, Hannibal took his hands in his and kissed him hard on the mouth.

"I have a sophisticated palate, you are aware of this fact," Hannibal said.

"Hm…" Will picked up the remote and switched on the television, flicking through the channels to locate one showing the news.

Nope, nothing.

With a frustrated sigh, he threw the remote onto the couch cushions, before plonking down on the soft material, himself. Hannibal disappeared into the bedroom with the bags, reappeared empty handed and joined him.

"I would assume it wouldn't make the television news, yet," Hannibal said, placing a comforting hand on his knee.

Will picked up his mobile and clicked onto the BBC news page.

“Surely there must be… something…” He clicked into the crime heading on top of the webpage. “Aha!”

The article displayed on the screen, the accompanying photo a bespectacled version of himself in his twee Clarence Ainsley suit. Running an unconscious hand through the short strands of hair at the back of Hannibal’s neck, he read through the article.

“Clarence and his husband murdered… suspect already picked up by police… hm… they’ve mentioned the triple four call. Your brilliant acting…” He leant his head back and allowed Hannibal to kiss his mouth, leisurely yielding tongues together. “More will come out, as the days go by. It’s frustrating to not be certain William will be nailed for this one.”

“Well,” Hannibal ran a hand down his cheek. “There is one person who may have information…”

“Jack?” Will grabbed his hand and kissed it. “Why would he be interested in our fake deaths?”

“Why wouldn’t he?”

Why wouldn’t he, indeed? Jack had appeared as shocked and disgusted by William’s overtures towards himself as Hannibal had been, but would that equate to him following the case, to determine whether William was placed in prison for a crime he didn’t commit?

“I don’t know…” Will said, leaning against his partner and relishing in the firm chest against his back.

"You’ve had a rough few days,” Hannibal kissed his hair. “Stop blaming yourself.”

“But I-“

Hannibal lifted his jaw with his hands, the pads of his thumbs along the sensitive flesh over bone sparking electric bliss in their wake.

“The situation has been resolved. Thanks to your brilliant mind. Stop blaming yourself for not acting sooner.”

“With everything we’ve done… the acts that we’ve…Not for a moment did I ever conceived I could be a victim,” Will’s intestines squeezed at the concept, as he trailed the pads of his own fingers down Hannibal’s high cheekbones.

“Anyone could be a victim. You and I have both been victims if you’ll recall. Remember Virgil Mason? He tied me up, tortured me,” Hannibal reminded him.

“But you were in control. Always in control. Not me. Not of late, at least.”

“Or Matthew Brown? The one you sent after me. He actually got as far as hanging me. I was choking. If it wasn’t for Jack coming in-“

Matthew Brown. Now that was a name he hadn't considered in many a year. Funny, in a way, considering the intense history between himself and his now loving partner. Through Will, he came the closest to ending the life of the one now devoting such attention to his being. His interior lower organs chilled, adding a new sting to the already tight coil.

None of that mattered now. Hannibal was here with him. Alive, glorious joyful; the rise and fall of his chest, the flutter of his pulse under the skin of his neck. Will brushed his lips against Hannibal's, allowing his breath to escape into his own mouth.

"Were you scared?" Will asked, as they pulled apart.

"Psychopathy doesn't rule out the survival instinct in all living things. Certainly, I was terrified. With this Matthew, or even Virgil, had either wished to include sexual assault in their torture… they had already stripped me. I was defenseless against them."

Will shuddered. For anyone to wish to harm Hannibal in such a horrific way was unthinkable. He draped his arms around Hannibal's neck, kissing along his earlobe. Thankfully, his lover was whole, in his sociopathic, murderous way. Just as Will wanted him to be.

Hannibal captured their mouths together, manoeuvering Will so he was lying on his back on the couch, mouth sliding down to suck at his neck. Yes, this was what Will was needing, to release the horror of the past twenty-four hours in the heat of sexual desire. Hands pulled up and down clothing, in a desperate effort to get to flesh, to kneed, to scratch. Teeth dug into the flesh of shoulders, of necks, of nipples. Moaning, Will allowed his trousers and underwear to slip to his ankles and slide off, before wrapping his legs around Hannibal's waist.

"Yes, Hannibal I don't want to remember… make me forget…"

Hannibal abruptly stopped with all of his attentions, withdrawing his hands and unhooking Will's legs from his waist.

"Hannibal-?" This was the first time ever that Will could recall Hannibal ceasing any intimate activity.

What just went wrong?

"I want you, Will and only you. My love," Hannibal brushed his hair back from his forehead. "In my keen sense of smell… You have *his* smell on you still."

Will flinched, as though Hannibal's words had galvanised electricity in the air, to send it straight through him.

"I smell…" He recalled his attacker's hands, ironically more tender than the brutal scratching of Hannibal's attentions, his attacker's heavy weight on his back. "Oh god…" Will dry-retched, gripping the edge of the couch, as he flung his head over the side. No, he wasn't going to vomit. With effort, he forced down the nausea that clenched his oesophagus.

"I'm so sorry," Hannibal said, caressing his back.

“I need to have a shower,” Will said. “I need to wash that asshole off me.”

Deciding to forgo his clothes, Will stepped out of the room, expecting Hannibal to follow and unsure whether to be disappointed when he didn’t.

*

Will scrubbed the soap around his nether regions once more, shivering despite the water’s steadily declining warmth. He’d already soaped his entire body twice, as well as washed and conditioned his hair, but he feared the smell of the jerk still lingered.

The jerk who had ejaculated onto him. Though Will had instantly used the desecration in his plan to frame William, it still didn’t stop the entire situation from being utterly degrading, as though the come had seeped through his clothes and into his flesh.

It’s okay, Will. It’s over.

The door handle opening tugged him from his revolving thoughts, which narrowed to more desirable ones, as naked Hannibal stepped through.

“May I wash your back?”

Yes, his back, where William had pressed into, had held him down onto his front, had-

No, no don’t go there.

Will nodded, opening the shower door, and hoping Hannibal didn’t notice the shiver that wracked his slender frame.

With a (*this is more like it*) predatory gleam in his brown irises, Hannibal slipped into the water with him and gently turned him around, grabbing the soap from him. Hannibal’s hands were smooth on his back, sending tingles up his spine and spiralling out, around to engulf his entire body, and culminate in one area, which rose to attention. Lips replaced the hands down his spine, as one soaped up hand reached around to roughly tug at his erect cock.

“That’s nice…” Will said.

The other hand smacked his buttock. For a moment, Will recalled William’s sordid attentions but told himself this was his love, his everything.

His Hannibal.

Grinning, he spun around to face his lover, to capture their lips in a more passionate kiss, teeth clanging, tongues desperate to reach as far back into each other’s throat as possible. The hand stroking his buttock now tenderly opened it to the side, as a long finger slipped inside him, Hannibal’s knees sinking to the slick ground, mouth moving voraciously over Will’s erect cock, gliding his wet and hot orifice up and down the turgid organ, as his finger jabbed up, pressing against the sweet spot. Will groaned, as hot ecstasy shook his frame, his deliriously happy brain unsure whether the finger inside him or the mouth now slipping his cock further down, to nestle into the warm chasm of his partner’s throat, was what was

causing such supreme bliss. Not that it mattered. Gripping Hannibal's hair, Will allowed himself to fly up and over, into untold annals of pleasure, as Hannibal continued to milk him from both sides, swallowing every drop of his come.

"Yes, that was *very* nice," Will said, chest still heaving, in his come down.

Hannibal stood up, grinning.

"But you're still-" He gasped as Hannibal lifted him up into his arms. "What are you? Ah…" Insight hit, as Hannibal carried him out of the bathroom, both still wet, with the shower still running, and deposited him onto the bed. "Aren't we going to turn off-?"

With frantic fervour, Hannibal reached for the lube on top of the drawer (*must have put it on there when you put the bags in the room. Always prepared, hey Hannibal?)* and shoved Will's legs up, enfolding his knees, so they loped around his neck, before pausing, staring at Will with a querying expression.

"I'm guessing you wanna fuck me?"

Less than twenty-four hours after almost being raped by a different form of predator and Hannibal was instigating sexual intercourse.

"Is that what this is? William tried to take what belongs to you and you want to remind me of who I belong to?"

Hannibal surprised him by laughing. "No, Will. You are and have always been your own person. You have never belonged to me, as much as I initially yearned for it."

"But I do. I do belong to you. So, if you want me…" He kissed along the underside of Hannibal's chin. "You can have me."

Groaning, Hannibal popped the lube open and squeezed the liquid onto his fingers, pressing up where he'd been previously. Though tender from the roughness of minutes past, Will allowed the intrusion inside his slick opening, allowed the bigger intrusion minutes later, when Hannibal slid his lubed cock into him, jolting him with his rough and fast movements, their tongues clashing, hands groping at flesh so tight multi-coloured bruises appeared on delicate skin.

"Hannibal, I want you so much…"

Hannibal groaned, now thrusting so fast his cock burnt, molten lava sliding in and out in and out.

"Who woh slow down!" Will ordered.

Hannibal instantly stopped moving, before acquiescing, thrusting slower, his tongue now licking his neck, travelling over the nick from where he'd cut himself shaving the day before. Will glanced up at the ceiling.

Five-star hotel and there's a damned crack in the ceiling.

“Will… my Will,” Hannibal thrust faster, his movements erratic, as they always were before he came.

“Mm…” Will sighed, his hands now gentler on Hannibal’s flesh, squeezing his buttocks, the back of his thighs.

Hannibal moaned louder, cupping his jaw and diverting Will’s attention back to the man inside him, to the aristocratic features now sweating and flushed, smooth hair flopping over his forehead.

Well aren’t you a handsome one.

He grabbed Hannibal’s thumb and shoved the digit in his mouth, sucking gently. That was enough to send Hannibal into a torrent of inarticulate sounds, as the familiar warmth filled Will's insides. Still moaning, Hannibal collapsed his trembling chest on top of his, as he released himself from his body, before sliding down his torso, lifting Will’s cock and replacing where his own had been with his tongue.

“Wait wait,” Will said, instantly ceasing the delicious slash of Hannibal’s tongue inside his tender opening. “Need more.”

With adventurous zeal, he spun around on the bed until he was facing Hannibal’s cock before sucking him deep inside his mouth, as Hannibal’s mouth frantically sucked his own. Yes, yes, he loved Hannibal’s cock; the size, the shape, even the pubic hair had a magical effect on his psyche. He needed it inside him, in every way possible. Flipping over again and pushing Hannibal onto his back, he mounted him, slipping him inside him once more, this time moving with Hannibal, relishing in the combined passion, both moaning and sweating and undulating, until both cried out in unison, as they reached orgasm together.

“Wow…” Will said, as Hannibal released from his body and tilted his head up to bestow warm kisses to his neck. “That was… unexpected…We haven’t gone twice in a row in a while.” He suddenly realised the impending migraine had disappeared.

“Glad to be of service,” Hannibal murmured against his throat.

Will grabbed Hannibal’s hands and held them down over his head.

“I was almost raped today and yet …What’s wrong with me?”

Hannibal displayed his perplexity in the minute rising of his left eyebrow.

“What do you mean? Nothing is wrong with you!”

“I was almost raped and I just had the most amazing sex with you! Shouldn’t I be fearful of you even touching me?”

“Could you argue this is a sign of the great trust you place in me? Of how safe you feel in our relationship? That you are consistently in control in our relationship, as I am?”

“It must drive you crazy… I’m always questioning things…” Will frowned.

Hannibal's lips upturned into a smile that lit up his entire face and upraised Will's pulse by a good twenty extra beats per minute.

"That's you, Will. I wouldn't want you any other way."

Will grinned back down at him, content in the veracity of his partner's unorthodox love.

*

As their vehicle neared the checkpoint, Will tapped his fingers in a nervous fashion on the car's steering wheel. After spending a week in France, they'd taken a plane out to Rio De Janeiro, spent three days basking in the warm weather, before buying a bomb of a vehicle and making their way north, to the border. Will kept checking periodically for news on their 'murder'. The newspapers mainly spoke of the tributes and mourning from the members of the community. The police reports focused more on what Will was interested in. William had been arrested for the murder of them both and they were building a strong case against him, with hope of going to court. William, of course, maintained his innocence.

Hannibal, seated beside him, patted his knee. Will glanced at him, always so calm and composed.

We've made a mistake! You should have been the one to drive over the border!

Hannibal, who could charm the most personality devoid person, was on the wrong side of the vehicle; the passenger side.

"Hannibal, this isn't going to work…' He murmured, as the car edged forward. They were now only two cars from the checkpoint. "You're the one who charms people."

"Your blend of sweet American kindness I'd argue is more of value to us than my cold charm at this point," Hannibal patted his knee once more before removing his hand.

One car from the checkpoint.

The car edged forward once more.

With a cheery grin, Will handed over both his and Hannibal's fake passports.

"Just went for a visit in Rio de Janeiro. Beautiful this time of year," he said, to the cherry middle-aged woman behind the checkpoint counter. She smiled back.

"Agreed. I went there last year," she stamped both of their passports and waved them through.

As they then drove forward, Will had to tap the brakes to cease from crashing into the car in front, such was his bodily jerk at how easily they were allowed back into the USA. He turned to Hannibal, the excitement flooding his stomach clear in the maniacal smile that stretched his mouth from ear to ear.

Tbc…

Chapter 7

Whistling drew Hannibal further down the steep decline, where he tread carefully through the prickled weeds and obtrusive rocks and sticks threatening to trip him. Reaching the bottom, he halted to a stop, to momentarily bask in the sight before him. Will Graham stood in the centre of the river, his jeans pulled up to his knees, fishing line cast out, delicate features relaxed in such a serene expression Hannibal concurrently wanted to throw him down into the water and have his way with him and observe his beauty for hours, to visually document every aspect; the sun's reflection off the curls on the back of his head under his cap lending them a reddish tinge, the smudge of long dark eyelashes against his cheek, the pink scar more prominent on his cheek in the fading light. The yellow leaves of the paper birch trees combined with the darker green of the white pines rising up behind him provided a pretty palette, to surround and amplify Will's already significant physical beauty.

"Times like this I miss Abigail," the eyelids opened, blue irises searching for, and finding Hannibal. "She would have loved this spot."

As if in response, a bird chirped, followed by the fluttering of wings.

They had arrived in Oxford County, Maine, two kilometres south of the centre of the town of Andover two weeks before, under the pseudomonas of Bryce Douglas for Will and Christopher Olshaker for Hannibal, stating to curious townsfolk that they had travelled down from Quebec, Canada. With the knowledge of what Will needed to be mentally healthy, together they found a modest two-bedroom house with a backdrop of the Saco River in the background for Will to fish. The place was for rental, as opposed to for sale, but neither cared.

"Indeed, she would have."

"Come in here, Hannibal," Will's tone was soft.

Hannibal frowned. Normally, he would stay far away from disgusting, bacteria filled tributaries such as this water. However, the urge to be closer to his beloved was too overwhelming to give up. Taking off his shoes and socks and laying them on the ground, he rolled up his trousers and stepped into the stream, wincing at the cold temperature, causing an abrupt giggle from Will's full lips. Still wincing, Hannibal stepped closer to him.

"Cold, isn't it?" Will asked.

Before Hannibal had a chance to react, Will grabbed him by his shoulders. Thinking he was pulling him forward for a kiss, Hannibal gripped the back of his head and pulled him close, only for Will to twist his body and unbalance them both. Hannibal was falling but could not right himself. Gasping in alarm, he gripped at Will's shirt, as both splashed down into the water. Instant ironic hot needles jabbed into his flesh from the freezing temperature and Hannibal launched himself out, gasping. Will also came up, his giggle now so pronounced all of his teeth showed.

"Why did you do that?" Hannibal yelled, struggling to move to his feet, before stomping out onto the river bank. He'd need to have not one shower but two, maybe three even, to clean himself of the muck.

"Oh, don't be like that!" Will giggled, splashing down once more. "It's nice once you get under." He lay on his back, looking up at the white clouds in the blue sky. "Now where's that fishing pole?" He stood and looked around. "Ah…" The pole lazily drifted downstream.

"If you lose it, it's your fault," Hannibal said, watching, from the safety of the bank and shivering, as Will lunged and grabbed it.

"I love it when you get all irritable, Hannibal," Will said. "It's sexy."

Hannibal allowed his irritation to melt away in the acceptance of Will's obvious good mood. The truth was, he would put up with any number of splashing with gross river water, to have his Will to be happy and whole.

"You'll pay for that later."

"Is that a promise?" Will's pale irises twinkled.

*

As soon as Will entered the house, Hannibal pounced, lifting him over his shoulders, knocking the cap from his head and carrying his non-resistive body to the bed, where he flung him down on his stomach and handcuffed his hands around the metal slots of the bedframe, shoving up his chequered shirt with frantic need and unzipping his jeans, pulling them and his boxers down and off before unzipping his own trousers and pulling out his already erect cock.

"Spread your legs," he ordered.

Will did as he bid, turning around to face him with a smirk. Hannibal slapped him hard enough on the buttock to cause the flesh to redden.

"This is meant to be punishment," Hannibal said, smirking back at him.

"Just don't tell me to call you 'daddy'," Will rolled his eyes. "I find that creepy, not sexy."

"When have I *ever* asked you to call me daddy?"

"There's a first for every creepy thing," Will said.

"I want you to find my type of creepy *sexy* not creepy."

Will laughed. "You can't *not* be sexy, Hannibal. Now are you going to fuck me or what?"

Hannibal kissed him between his shoulder blades. "Damn I love you."

"Mm hm…"

No, you must understand this, my love, my Will.

“I’ve lived my entire life-“

Will flipped his head back. “I’m ready for you to screw me senseless and you’re waxing lyrical.”

Fine then, if you insist.

Hannibal slid his tongue down his spine, grabbing the lube off the dresser and shoving three fingers inside his willing partner as he rested his head on the small of his back, pressing up against the sweet spot that made Will shudder and pant, as his other hand stroked his erect cock.

“Ready?” He asked.

Will frantically nodded, so Hannibal lubed himself up and slid into him, fucking him so hard the headboard slammed against the wall with each thrust. Will’s moans became gibbering screams. Gripping his hips in both hands, Hannibal grunted with effort.

“Damn you Hannibal, touch me!” Will ordered.

Hannibal sucked on his neck. “Come for me,” he ordered. “Come without me touching your erection. Come on beautiful, you can do it.”

With careful deliberation, Hannibal angled his thrusts to slam against the sweet prostate gland, causing loud whimpers with each movement.

“Come for me,” he ordered.

“Damn it, Hannibal. Yes… yeah I’m about to…” As Will came, pulsating around Hannibal’s cock, Hannibal bit down so hard into his neck he drew blood, allowing his own orgasm to thunder through his body. Will’s moans were as marinated human liver to Hannibal’s ears, as he slipped out and moved down to lick his own come out of the leaking hole, before drawing his tongue back up the line of his spine, taking the key from the bedside table and undoing the handcuffs. Will turned around, rubbing his wrists and kissing Hannibal on his lips.

“I was thinking dinner-“ Hannibal said, as Will wrapped his arms around his broad frame.

“Sh… let’s not talk about dinner, for the moment. Let’s just bask in the moment.”

Hannibal allowed Will to pull him down, resting his head on the smaller man’s chest. Will was right, the chest hair was ticklish to his cheek, not that Hannibal in the least minded. Will sighed and hooked a leg around the back of Hannibal’s thighs, fingers tenderly playing with his hair.

“I never comprehended it was possible to feel this way,” Hannibal said. “Before you, I operated only from id, giving in to the basest of personal needs.”

“Yes, I’m pretty good, aren’t I?” Wry tone.

“More than pretty good. You are spectacular. My entire life, I have never had anyone I wanted to cherish, to protect, to love.”

“That’s not true. What about Abigail?”

Hannibal moved up, to look down at him.

“Yes, to some extent, but only to the extent that being her ‘fathers’ as such would be, at the time, the most fulfilling life for you. Even then, my mind was only on wanting what was best for *you*.”

“And for you, don’t deny it. When she no longer served your needs, you killed her. And it was… You acted like a teenager having a strop.”

“You had betrayed me.”

“You still acted like a rejected teenager, albeit in serial killer fashion.”

“That’s because I was, at the time. I’d never suffered the pain of rejection before, as you had with me. I like to believe I suffered the second rejection in a more adult matter, when I handed myself into the authorities.”

“I guess I could give you that,” Will pecked him on the lips.

*

This one enjoyed biting. Reminiscent of the Tooth Fairy or the Red Dragon, as Hannibal preferred to call him. The media had even made allusions to the Tooth Fairy. Initially, though they were following the crime through the media, they had decided to back off from any personal investigation. With the media involved, it was too risky. After all, as Will pointed out, anyone could easily see the newspaper articles from the BBC news website bearing his photo and make the link to the presumed-to-be-murdered Will Graham. They were only safe in the fact no one across the pond had made that connection yet. Furthermore, Jack Crawford had dissuaded the investigators off him and Hannibal’s trail.

The killer, labelled the Cincinnati Biter (such a ridiculous name for a serial killer. The newspapers truly were trash, even when Freddy Lounds wasn’t the one coming up with the sensationalism, for once) kidnapped young children strangled them and bite them post mortem. So far, he had killed four children in the Cincinnati area.

The last victim had been murdered a week before, the child’s body, as with the other three, dumped by the side of the road along route forty-two. According to what Hannibal had been able to wheedle out of the journalists who had swooped into the area like vultures, the child had been covered with a blanket, with a pillow tucked under her head.

They returned at night, when there would be no interference from snooping locals and law enforcement. Will stood by the side of the road, in front of the patch of grass five metres inland, by a clump of bushes that were still red from the child’s blood. His eyes were closed,

focused on making connections that no one else could, not even Hannibal, who stood metres to his left, by their rented vehicle, the tingle of anticipation zapping his body.

No, he corrected himself. More than anticipation. What they were doing was incredibly dangerous. If anyone recognised him, in particular, all they had been building for the past two years would be torn down. Hannibal took a deep breath, allowing the frigid May air to fill his lungs.

It truly is wonderful to be alive, at this time.

Will opened his eyes and wandered over to Hannibal, a wild kinetic energy pulsating through his slender frame. This was what his love lived for. This was his forte.

“They weren’t sexually assaulted…”

Hannibal shook his head, waiting for Will to make that leap, the one that always astounded him with his brilliance.

“You do realise the FBI will be coming in the next few days. Hell, even Jack will rock up.”

“Of course,” Hannibal said.

Will’s smile lit up the entire moonless gloomy night.

“Their suspect for this one is wrong, which works out for us.”

“When local law enforcement arrest the psychotic homeless man, who lived nearby the first victim, I tend to question their tactics.”

“Oh, I knew from the beginning it wasn’t him. So will Jack.” Will leaned forward and kissed Hannibal on his lips. “They’ve completely been looking in the wrong area, at the wrong person.”

“Don’t keep me in suspense here, Will.”

“It’s Tom Pratt.”

Hannibal blinked. Tom Pratt was the abusive step-dad of the first boy who was murdered. He was an initial suspect but had an alibi for the night in question.

“I’m convinced under our form of…. Particular torture, his alibi will fall apart.”

*

Their victim’s agonised screams, as he bled out from multiple stab wounds decreased to weak moans. Not that Hannibal was bothered, not with a willing Will beneath him, enacting his own moaning, as he thrust him into the blood laden grunge of the cracked wooden floorboards.

“Bastards…” Their victim’s last words sounded.

Hannibal reminded himself of the man's second last words. As always, Will was correct. The step-dad confessed to murdering all the children before Will and Hannibal had even begun slashing with their knives.

Will thrust up to meet him, legs so tight around Hannibal's waist that his breathing diminished, hollering as come splashed between their bodies, to combine with the blood already present. Hannibal paused and fucked him harder, glancing across at the now corpse lying on the warehouse floor where he'd been attacked. Grunting, he shot his load deep inside his lover, before collapsing onto his chest, nuzzling his neck.

"I love you, Will," Hannibal whispered.

"I love you too," Will said. "Feels good to be naughty, doesn't it?" He giggled. "Alright, let's clean up this mess."

Hannibal kissed his neck once more and climbed off him. 'Clean this mess' involved wiping the warehouse of all of their DNA, before planting the evidence proving the man's guilt.

"I'll go get the luminol," Will said, reaching for his clothes.

*

Hannibal was actively whistling, as he laid the plates down onto the table, as Will came into the house, envelopes in hand, a dirty mutt following, mobile phone to his ear. The dog saw Hannibal and yipped, running over. Hannibal shooed him off, grimacing at Will.

"…Sure, send it through. I'll read it… okay… goodbye, Jack," Will said, throwing the mail onto the table. One was from the electrical company; another was junk mail.

Will ended his call and cast Hannibal an apologetic glance.

"Sorry, Hannibal," he whistled at the dog, who ran forward to him, yipping. As always, Will picked the most irritating mutt to be his stray.

"I'll take him out to give him a bath," Will said.

"Just a moment," Hannibal wiped his hands on a tea towel and came forward, running his hands through Will's hair and pecking him on his nose. "What does Jack Crawford, of all people, have to say?"

"He rang on a private number, wanted to chide us for our risk."

Hannibal rested his forehead against Will's. Fingers pulled up his shirt to kneed the flesh underneath. The mutt sniffed around their feet.

"We were never going to get caught. We're too smart."

"Still, nice that Jack cares."

“In his own way,” Hannibal said, reaching down to kneed Will’s own flesh through his jeans further down.

“Of course, there’s no evidence whatsoever that ties us or anyone else to the murder. But Jack put the pieces together, of course.”

“I’ve never denied Jack isn’t a smart man,” Hannibal said. “What is it he wants you to ‘look up’?”

Will frowned. “There’s a case down in Florida. Serial killer. Suspected, because they haven’t found any bodies. Jack wants me to look at the photographic evidence and police reports.”

“Hm…” Hannibal kneaded harder, causing Will to press his body against his, their erections sliding together.

“Turns you on the thought of me doing work? You are a strange man, Hannibal,” Will slid his ear out, to lick around Hannibal’s earlobe. “I trust Jack. I told him to email the evidence over. I’ll take a gander.”

“Both of you are breaking a multitude of laws by doing this. That’s very naughty.”

“Yes, very very naughty isn’t it?” Will giggled, sliding his hand along Hannibal’s crotch and squeezing his bulge.

*

Will’s naked physique fitted so precisely against Hannibal’s own, their legs tangled together, their chests heaving up and down in tandem, lips soft against his neck, as Hannibal plunged his fingers into his hair.

“Always with the hair…” Will murmured.

“Mmm…” Hannibal slid his thumbs across to scrape over the rough stubble of his jaw.

“Hannibal…” His voice liquid honey, as he sat up to look down at him, biting his upper lip. “Are you happy here?”

“Yes, Will, very happy.”

“I don’t want you to…” His eyes darted away before returning to his own. “Everything you do is for me. You’ve sacrificed so much to appease my every comfort. I want you to be happy too, understand?”

“Will, I am ecstatic. I have everything I need right here. No one else has ever captivated me the way you do. I can’t emphasise enough the height of my love for you,” He cupped the chin in his hands. “I realise now, my entire life, I was searching for you. My work as a psychiatrist, I was looking for the perfect partner. Murder partner.”

“I don’t want to be the absolute epicentre of your world. I don’t think that’s healthy,” Will said.

“Are you seriously questioning whether a psychopath is mentally healthy?” Hannibal asked, grinning. “I want you to be mentally healthy, Will. You have your river, your one dog… and I’m sure there will be more. I also understand… well, no I’ll never entirely understand your need to be close to others, either than myself. But you need to work, to make connections with others. I enjoy making connections in order to manipulate them. Well, at least I used to. I no longer have the urge to manipulate others.”

“Because you have me?” Will scowled, pulling out of his grip.

“Because my urge is sated by our researching, stalking and killing our victims. Will, you are the epicentre of my world. My sun rises and sets with you and always will. We are each other’s whole.”

“We’ve blurred,” Will’s lips quirked as he slid a hand through Hannibal’s hair, wiping the strands from his forehead. “I just thought maybe you’d want to go back to work.”

“I’m indifferent to the idea,” Hannibal shrugged. “But you should. Being a university professor-“

Will laughed. “Actually, Hannibal, that was never my dream job. I just fell into it. My happiest time… before this, of course, was when I wasn’t working as a professor. When I was with Molly.”

Jealousy stabbed into Hannibal’s chest at his mention of her. Will caught his expression, his own softening, as he captured Hannibal’s mouth in his own.

“That’s long in the past. I chose you. I’m not going anywhere, okay? I’m not leaving.” He paused. “I love you, Hannibal. “ He sighed, rested his head on Hannibal’s chest. “I don’t want to go back to being a professor but you’re right, I crave social contact. Having friends, my own life, apart from you. It’s my healthy way to be.”

“I agree,” Hannibal said.

*

“And so Billy said ‘Why do you care?’ and I was pretty hurt, you know? Why wouldn’t I care…?” The man, Hannibal’s second client for the day, was overweight, with a glossy black beard and a jumpy presence, reminiscent of dear departed Franklin.

Hannibal nodded and gave the usual appearance of one listening intently, but is mind was on that morning, on Will’s expression as his own first client for the day arrived, the absolute bliss ,as the dog barked and licked his patting hands, as his flustered owner, a woman wearing a business attire, apologised for being late.

“No problem,” Will had said, cheeks flushed, eyes sparkling, before turning back to the dog. “Yes, we’re going to have a bath, yes we are,” he changed his tone to the one people always used when talking to dogs or babies. Hannibal was, as ever, perplexed by human idiosyncrasies, some of which even Will fell into, at times.

“…Do you think I should do?” The man asked.

In the background, the front door opened and the skittling of the feet of Will’s non-work dogs came rushing through.

Hannibal nodded and opened his mouth to answer.

*

Hannibal and his client walked out of the room, to Will placing the still yipping dogs in the back laundry, as per their agreement, whenever Hannibal had his clients over. The client stopped, eyes running up and down Will’s body before his face flushed.

“I’ll ah… I’ll let myself out…” The man was out of the front door so fast it was as though Hannibal had pointed a weapon at him.

Will glanced at the front door with a bemused grin. “Is this the sort of clientele you’ve had over?”

“Well, considering this was your idea to begin with,” Hannibal shrugged. He’d started his own home psychiatric practice two weeks before; the same time Will had started his dog wash and walk business. Both had been Will’s idea. Hannibal had been initially skeptical but then, as always, Will was right. He did get a thrill out of manipulating his clients to his amusement.

“Mine is a lot less... chatty than yours…” Will said, pulling Hannibal in for a smooch on the lips.

"How was Kathy today?" Hannibal asked. “Still harbouring a crush on the one who washes and walks her fluffy rat?”

“Tiger is not a fluffy rat. And yes, she’s fine. Also, I don’t care if she has a crush on me or not. The only person I care for is in my arms, right now.”

Hannibal grinned. Feeling loved and protected and wanted had always been a rare event for him, in his life. But now, he experienced that valued emotion every day, with the man in his arms. His Will.

“Did you hear the news?” Will asked. “Guilty. He’s in for life.”

Though Will had not mentioned the trial of his sexual harasser in months, Hannibal was aware it had been preying on his mind.

“That’s wonderful news, Will.”

Will pressed his arms tighter around his upper body.

“I know I act a scared fool, at times. But I won’t leave you, not ever. I love you so much it’s almost painful. I need to be here. We are one and the same, you and I.”

“So, when we make love it’s an act of ultimate narcissism?”

“You see our intimacy as making love? That’s very sweet Hannibal.”

“Everything with you is about love, a word I never considered to comprehend, until you came into my life and stayed here.”

“Mm…” Will’s irises were vividly blue, in the afternoon sun peeking around the edges of the closed shades. “Should we make love right here on the floor and then continue in our research of a certain Mr. Wellington, who so loves to murder prostitutes, when he isn’t acting as an ace prosecutor? The irony of people I will never get my head around,” his own shook, delicate curls swishing back and forth.

Hannibal kissed his supple lips again.

“Now that sounds the perfect plan.”

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